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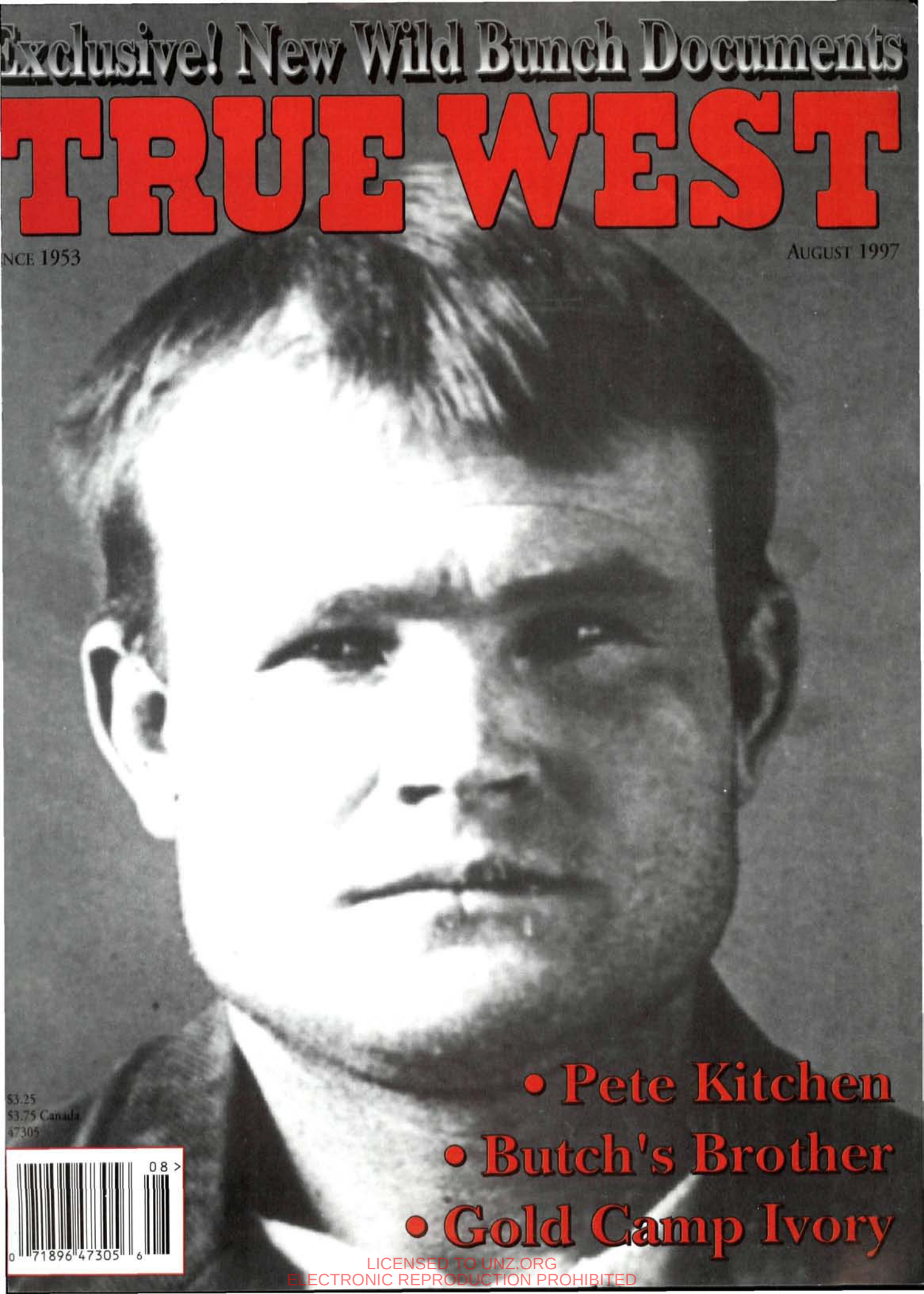

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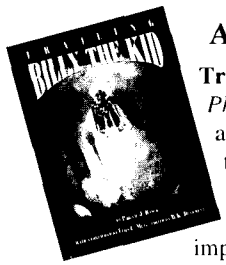

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During one of his enlistments, Sam became a machine gunner, a profession he practiced in a number of Latin American revolutions. As a member of Pancho Villa's celebrated Golden Guards, he was pointed out by Villa as the only American he trusted. But Dreben was also a chief scout for Pershing when he led an expedition into Mexico to capture or kill Villa after the bandido raided Columbus, New Mexico. In all Sam fought under ten different flags.

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George Goodfellow was a medical professional, not only at home in the primitive operating facilities of Tombstone and Bisbee, but also in lecture halls and prestigious hospitals of San Francisco and Los Angeles. His medical daring-do and accomplishments led to appointments, such as the first Arizona Territorial Health and Quarantine Officer, chief surgeon to the Southern Pacific Railroad, and during the Spanish-American War, in Cuba, he was personal physician to General William Shafter.

For those familiar with Goodfellow's name, "surgeon to the gunfighters" is probably the phrase that first comes to mind. This he was, par excellence, for he performed surgery on dozens of gunshot victims, results of saloon brawls, mining claim affrays, or quarrels between dueling cowboys and townsfolk in Bisbee, Tucson, and Tombstone. He operated successfully on U.S. Deputy Marshal Virgil Earp, but could only watch as Morgan Earp died of gunshot wounds on a Tombstone billiard hall floor.

Goodfellow was always in the middle of action. When a literary society was formed in Tombstone, he was one of the founders. When new mining or ranching properties were being developed, Goodfellow was on hand as a participant or as a surgeon. He was familiar with every gambling hall in Tombstone and Tucson, and not as an onlooker. George drank, gambled, had affairs, and was occasionally involved in fist fights — once in a stabbing.

Although Goodfellow died a relatively young man, he packed into half a century the accomplishments of a half dozen individuals. He had a varied career, and apparently enjoyed life to the fullest.

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Feb. 1997 publication

Transcribed, edited, annotated, and indexed by Lynn R. Bailey

By 1883 the chronicler of Tombstone's turbulent years, George Whitwell Parsons, was no longer a tenderfoot. He was a knowledgeable mining man, savvy to the rigors and dangers of frontier living. His transition from San Francisco banker to diehard frontiersman is evident in his journals from 1883 until he left Arizona early in 1887. Here, for the first time in published form, is presented Parsons' struggles in Sonora, first trying to establish a quartz mill, then eking out an existence managing a company store in Nacosari, and finally plunging into gold mining in the nearby mountains which bankrupted him and forced his return to Tombstone.

Like Parsons, Tombstone was about to undergo adverse times, and fortunately George was there to record events. A rapid succession of calamities brought economic chaos to the town: mines were flooded, a bank collapsed, newly-installed pumping equipment failed, miners struck, and the price of silver fell forcing a shutdown of mining. If that was not enough, burning of the Grand Central hoist brought Tombstone to its knees. As George observed, it looked like the Devil had foreclosed.

There is more in this journal than just Tombstone's tribulations. Parsons gives his personal views upon Apache raiding, the merits of George Crook versus Nelson Miles. He was on hand to witness the introduction of heliograph to military operations and watched as members of Geronimo's band straggled toward Fort Bowie. His account of events along the Sonoran border, ranching activities in the Sulphur Spring Valley, and mining at Arivaca are incomparable. If you have Parsons' earlier journal you'll want this volume. This book is designed as a companion volume to *A Tenderfoot In Tombstone*, 6 x 9-inch format, 275 pages, printed endsheets and dust jacket in color. Augmenting the text are two interviews of George Parsons relative to events transpiring in the journal. As this edition is limited to 750 copies we suggest you reserve your's now. **Price: $36.95**

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March 1997 publication

By Lynn R. Bailey

The scorched earth policy of General James H. Carleton and Kit Carson destroyed Navajo subsistence, broke up family units, and brought quick results. Within months more than 8,000 Indians had surrendered to be carted and marched to Fort Sumner upon the Pecos River in east-central New Mexico. There, upon a forty mile square reserve known as Bosque Redondo, tribesmen lived for nearly five years. From 1863 until 1868 they obeyed military dictates as Carleton attempted to alter social structure and train tribesmen to live and interact like Pueblo peoples. However, this pastoral people, who had lived for generations in family groups, possessed no patterns for communal living on the scale envisioned by the military. The result was that regimentation created social stress that manifested itself in numerous ways, ranging from physical conflict among tribesmen, abandonment of the reservation by some Indians, and escapism through the practice of witchcraft. Adding to the pain of social upheaval and isolation, the Navajos suffered disease and starvation, as well as from raids by Plains Indians. In the end, the entire experiment collasped and the Navajos pleaded to be returned to their homeland.

From voluminous records of the U.S. Army and the Office of Indian Affairs, Mr. Bailey has drawn the documentation to detail a fascinating period of Navajo history. He does not stop there; reasons for the success of the Carleton-Carson campaign are presented, the several routes of the so-called Long Walk are traced, and social upheaval at Bosque Redondo is explored in light of current knowledge, as is army and civilian ineptitude, and the struggle between military leaders and Office of Indian Affairs officials for control of Indian policy. This attractive hard cover book is produced in 5½ x 8½ -inch format, contains 275 pages, 20 photos, maps and diagrams, notes, bibliography, and index. Dust jacket in color. Edition limited to 1,000 copies. **Price: $26.95**

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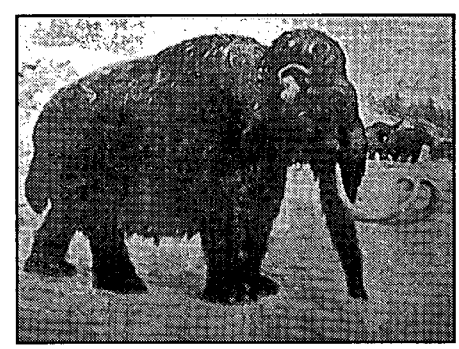

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Butch Cassidy
Courtesy of Bill Betenson

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FROM THE EDITOR

Howdy, ya'll!

Whatever happened to America? As a kid, I looked forward to piling into the family car and trekking across the country on vacation. The change of scenery, variations in food and accent, and local history of the places we visited always kept me hungry to get back on the road and hit the next town. Are we there yet, Dad?

I recently had an excuse to load my own kids into the car and head out to attend a family wedding. I was excited to show my son and daughter all the quirky things one sees while on the road: roadside museums, rattlesnake farms, mom-'n-pop stores, and family-style restaurants. I was more than willing to shell-out a few bucks to buy my kids, and myself, one more glimpse of the world's biggest ball of mud, or the amazing two-headed pigs that lined the roadside of my youth. Boy, was I surprised.

Now, I know it's been awhile since I've traveled around the country, but it seems to me like everything has disappeared. Roadside cabins have been replaced with super chain motels complete with fifty gazillion television channels in every room, and the mom-'n-pop grocery stores and fuel stops are now ghosts in the wake of fifty-pump gas stations that resemble small villages.

It doesn't really seem like that long ago when you pulled up to the pump and a nice guy would come out, fill the tank, and clean the windows while you strolled inside to buy a comic book and a pop (in a real glass bottle). If you started to visit with the cashier, you usually found out she was the gas-pumper's wife, daughter, or mother. Now you never even have to see a person. The gas pump eats your credit card and you're back on the road before the kids realize they missed another chance to play one of the video games planted next to the station's cappuccino machine.

Now I'm not saying we didn't see anything worthwhile on our trip, but when we did, it was usually hidden in the glow of fast food signs or totally inaccessible from the freeway. I did manage to navigate Memphis, Tennessee, so my daughter could see Sun Records, where Elvis, Jerry Lee Lewis, and Johnny Cash turned front porch rockabilly into gold records. We also stopped at the home of railroad legend Casey Jones, and I flinched when we had to pass Davy Crockett's boyhood home for lack of time.

The only thing that I found that resembled the roadside stops of my coonskinned-cap youth was a chain of restaurants that try real hard to look like old general stores. You can get a soda from a barrel full of ice and sit on the front porch in a rocking chair for awhile, but something still felt wrong. Maybe it was the flourescent lighting, which was slowly turning my kids a pale tint of green as they rocked away and drank their colas.

One night, after checking into a motel in a little town in Alabama, my wife knew I had finally had enough of fast food and allowed me to drag the whole family to the only "real" restaurant in town. In the back of what serves as the town community center and pool hall, we sat and ate a hearty steak dinner and topped it off with real homemade pie and coffee.

As we were finishing our meal, a lady from the next table came over and introduced herself. She had noticed that we were from out of town and invited us to call on her if we needed anything during our stay in "her neck of the woods." As she walked away I realized that the America I longed for was still around, not in the grocery stores and gas stations, but in the people.

I wish my kids could have met that nice lady, but they were too busy playing the video game in the corner.

Marcus Huff

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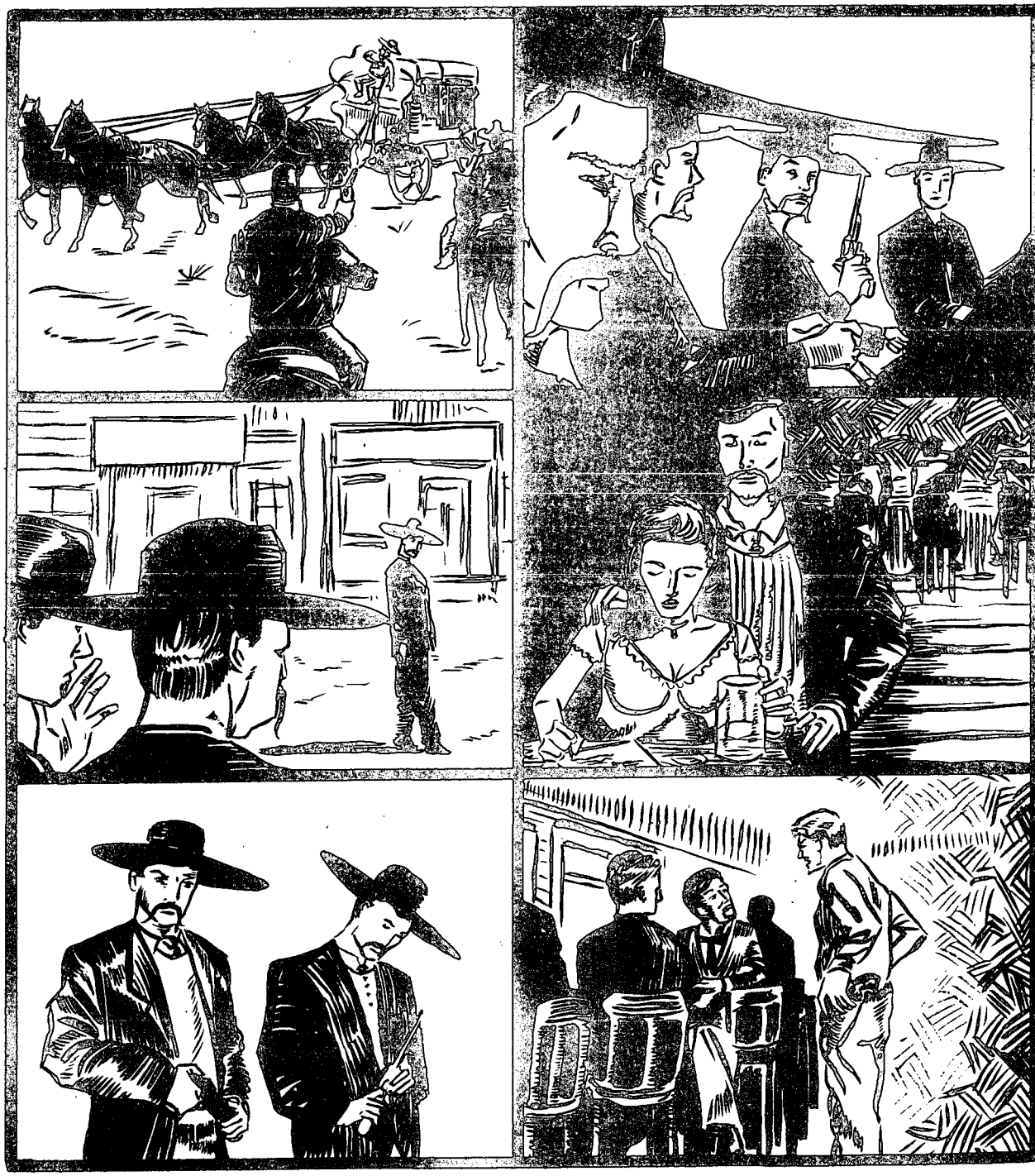
WEST SKETCH

BY ADAM WALLENTA

THE TOMBSTONE SAGA: PART III.

SPRING 1881, COCHISE COUNTY, TERRITORY OF ARIZONA—Stagecoach driver Bud Philpot is shot and killed during a botched robbery of the Tombstone-Bisbee stage. Cochise County Sheriff John Behan quickly organizes a posse, including the Earps and Bat Masterson, to track the robbers. The culprits' trail is soon lost. Rumors around Tombstone place Doc Holliday as one of the stage robbers. After a lover's spat, Big Nose Kate drunkenly agrees to sign a document for Behan, implicating Holliday in the crime. Behan's trick doesn't sit well with Wyatt and Doc, who prime themselves for a confrontation. Meanwhile, Ike Clanton continues to badmouth the Earps to whoever will listen.



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THE NORIAS BATTLE

I've certainly enjoyed *Old West* and *True West* for more years than I like to admit. I have many issues from the '60s and '70s.

The point of this letter is to hopefully find out some information about an event called the Norias Battle in South Texas on August 9, 1915. My grandmother had a picture of "dead Mexican bandits" and the name and date. The story was that my father's uncle, Luther Perryman, was part of the fight.

In the late '60s or early '70s, my father saw the picture in a western magazine and said that was the fight his uncle was involved in. I believe the magazine was one of your publications, but can't be sure. Have you any information about it?—*Sandy McCutchan, Coahoma, Texas.*

Editor's Note: I beat the bushes looking for any information on the Norias Battle or Luther Perryman, and found nothing. I'll pass the question to Chuck Parsons, "The Answer Man," and hopefully he, or one of our readers, will have the information you're looking for in no time.

Confederate Arizona

I am a Confederate army buff and have read about many battles in the southwest, including a few in New Mexico and Arizona. Have you ever done any stories about the Confederacy in Arizona?—*Phillip Bayston, Chattanooga, Tennessee.*

Editor's Note: You're in luck, Mr. Bayston. There will be a story on the Confederate's Arizona outpost, Stanwix Station, in next month's issue of *True West.* And I ain't just whistlin' Dixie.

Tex Ritter Rides Again

I just wanted to let your readers know that for fans of B Western movies, there is still a Tex Ritter fan club that is very active twenty-three years after Tex's passing. The address for those interested is: Tex Ritter Fan Club, 15326 73rd Avenue S.E., Snohomish, Washington 98290.

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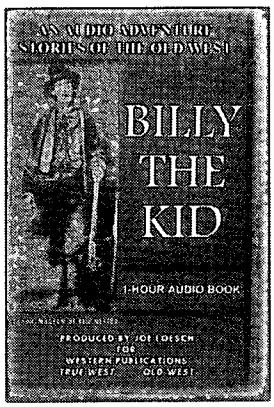

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Third Generation Reader

I am a third generation reader of your magazines, and I wish to congratulate you on your continued success in the field of western history. The only complaint I have is that I read your magazines too fast and am left craving the next issue.

Change is inevitable in any organization, and as students of history, we know that nothing stays the same forever. Your magazines have changed a lot since my father read them. The main area of change is that most of the old-timers who contributed their stories are no longer alive, and your magazines have lost touch with the personality of these pioneers.

I truly hope your magazines have many more years of continued success.—*Matt Stephens, Albany, Missouri.*

Editor's Note: It does my heart good to see that our simple mags have found a place in your family over the years, Matt. Hopefully you can pass on the tradition to your kids someday.

Although you have a point about some of the more "colorful" characters passing, and the pages of *True West* reflecting their departure, you have to admit that the stories themselves remain just as exciting as always. As far as colorful characters go...maybe I'll tell ya a few stories someday over a cup of joe.

Your letters and comments are welcome. Please keep letters to 300 words or less. All letters received by Western Publications will be considered for publication unless otherwise stipulated in the letter. Space does not permit us to print all letters we receive. Be sure to include full name, address, and zip code. Photos are welcome. Address all letters to Western Publications, PO Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076. E-mail us at, Western@cowboy.net. Due to the volume of mail, we cannot forward correspondence to people whose letters appear in "Truly Western."

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NEW WILD BUNCH DOCUMENTS SURFACE

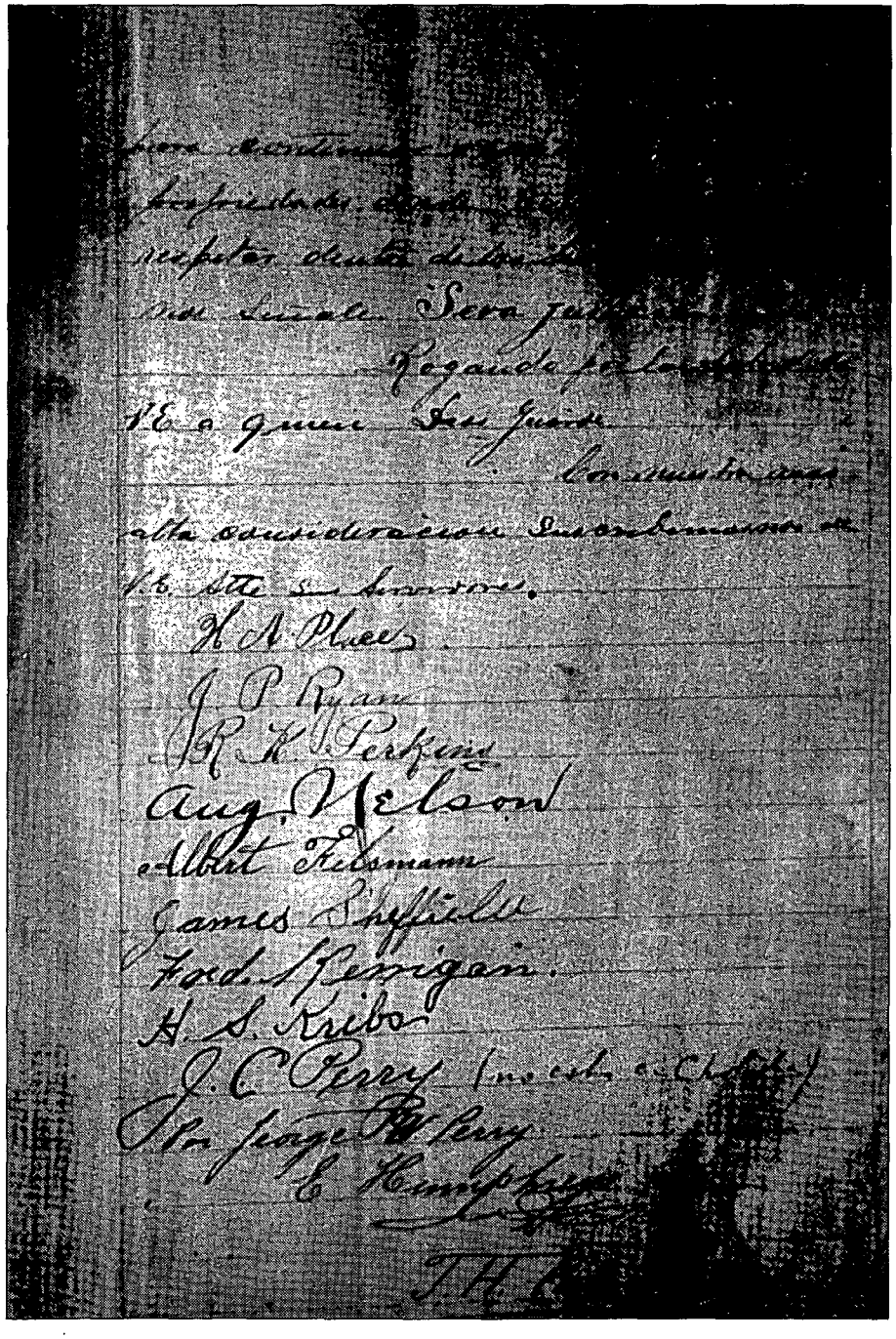
By Daniel Buck and Anne Meadows

Since our January 1996 *True West* article, "Leaving Cholila: Butch and Sundance Documents Surface in Argentina," information has come to light that casts serious doubt on the famous outlaw pair's involvement in the February 1905 holdup of a bank in Río Gallegos, Argentina. In addition, the first holographic examples of the Sundance Kid's signature have been found.

These and other revelations were made at the First International Symposium on the Adventures of North American Outlaws in Argentina, Chile, and Bolivia. The gathering, held February 1997 in Esquel, Chubut, in Argentine Patagonia, brought together scholars and bandit aficionados from North and South America.

During three evening panel discussions, the historians presented papers and answered questions from a noticeably engaged audience. About a hundred people, including several descendants of Butch and Sundance's friends and neighbors, attended the symposium. The first panel addressed the Wild Bunch's origins as well as Butch, Sundance, and Ethel's early years in Argentina. The second panel addressed Butch and Sundance's alleged roles in two bank robberies in Argentina and their flight to Chile in 1905. The third panel addressed the Patagonian misdeeds and deaths of two other gringo outlaws, William Wilson and Robert Evans, as well as the Bolivian exploits of Butch and Sundance and their deaths in San Vicente in 1908.

A presentation by Osvaldo



Courtesy of Marcelo Gavirati

An undated land office filing signed by H.A. Place (the Sundance Kid), Santiago Ryan (Butch Cassidy), and several of their Cholila Valley neighbors.

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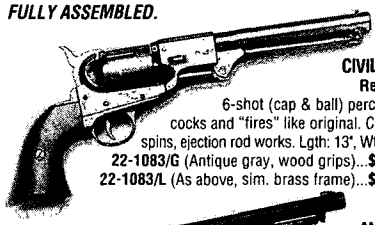

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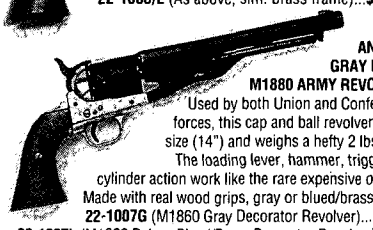

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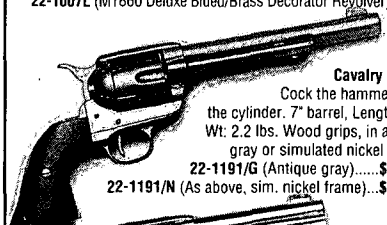

1873 Cavalry Pistol.
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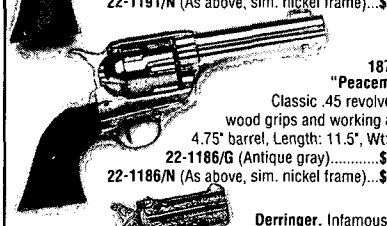

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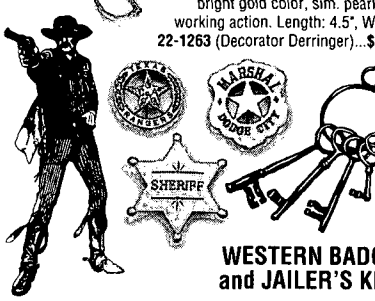

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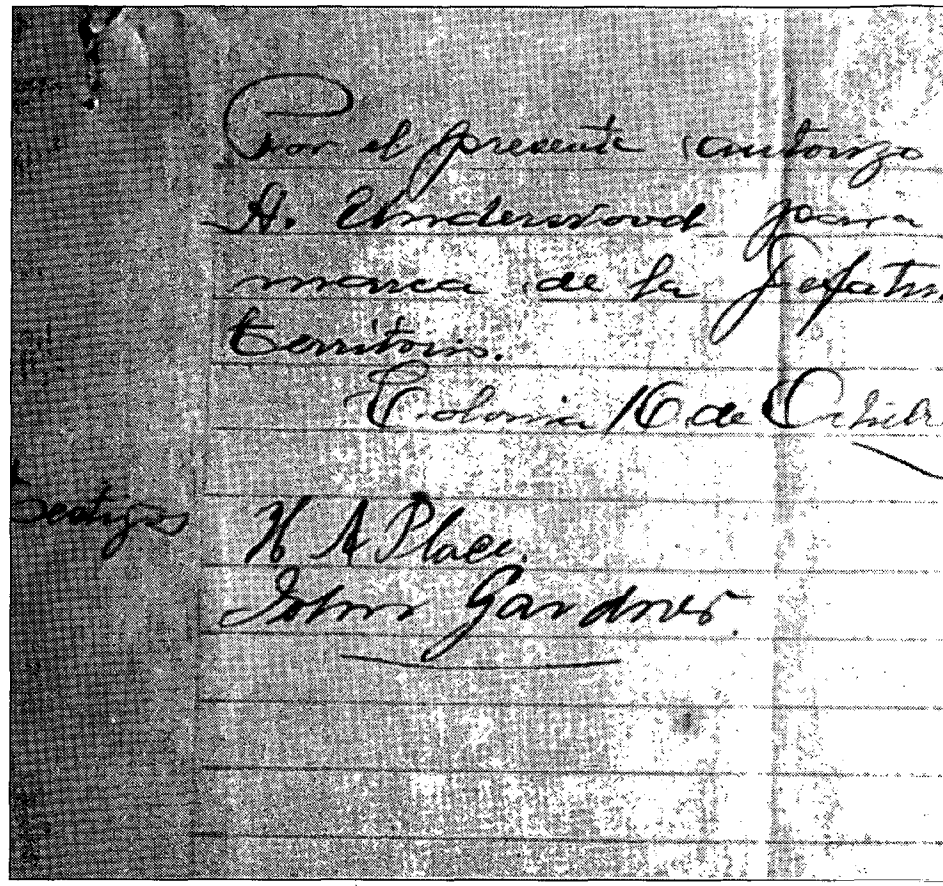

A November 5, 1901, livestock brand filing signed by H.A. Place, which is also the Bunch trio's presence in Patagonia earlier than August 1902.

Topcic on the February 1905 holdup of the Banco de Tarapacá y Argentino in Río Gallegos, one of two Argentine robberies attributed to Butch and Sundance, led to an animated discussion among the participants and to the conclusion, nine decades after the fact, that the Wild Bunch duo was not involved. Four key pieces of evidence, said Topcic, an Argentine historian, point to their innocence. First, the physical descriptions (particularly the ages) of the perpetrators are not entirely consistent with those of Butch and Sundance. Second, several of their neighbors later swore that they were in Cholila at the time of the robbery. Third, Butch's name appears on an order for merchandise at a store in Súnica, near Cholila, at the time the two actual bandits were already in Río Gallegos, some 750 miles to the south. Fourth, Butch and Sundance are enumerated in a Cholila agricultural survey that was taken in February 1905. (The survey shows that Butch and Sundance had 300 cattle and forty horses. Another North American, David Moor—probably Moore—was listed as Sundance's partner. This is a name new to Wild Bunch researchers.)

Regardless, the Argentine police were aware, thanks to a 1903 visit by Pinkerton detective Frank Dimalo, of Butch and Sundance's presence in southern Argentina. Perhaps because the modus operandi fit that of the Wild Bunch, the police concluded that Butch and Sundance were responsible for the bank heist in Río Gallegos. In any event, the governor of Chubut ordered their arrest. A friendly policeman tipped them off, and they promptly left the country.

If Butch and Sundance hadn't been falsely suspected of the Río Gallegos holdup, they might well have lived out their years as ranchers in Patagonia. Documents recently found in the Chubut archives

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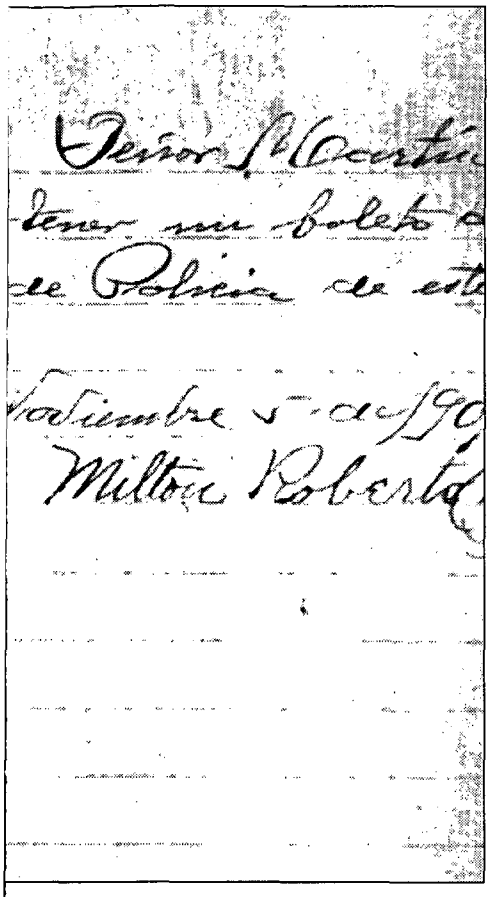

Courtesy of Marcelo Gavirati

first document that establishes the Wild

by Argentine historian and symposium organizer Marcelo Gavirati support the case that the American outlaws were in Patagonia to ranch, not to rob. On two separate occasions they filed papers to take possession of the 4,500 hectares they were homesteading.

One of those documents and a separate livestock-brand registration, also uncovered by Gavirati, contain the first holographic examples of the Sundance Kid's signature. In both cases, he signed his Argentine alias, H.A. Place. Of additional interest is the fact that the brand registration is dated November 5, 1901, in the 16 de Octubre colony, which included the Cholila Valley where the Wild Bunch trio had its ranch. Previously, the earliest documentary evidence of their presence in Patagonia was a letter dated August 1902, although they were said to have come to the valley in mid-1901.

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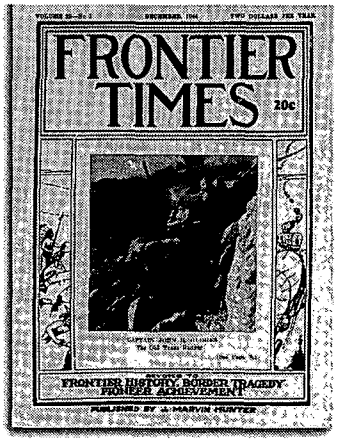

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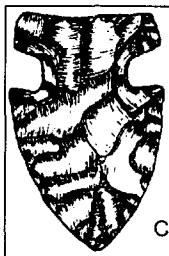

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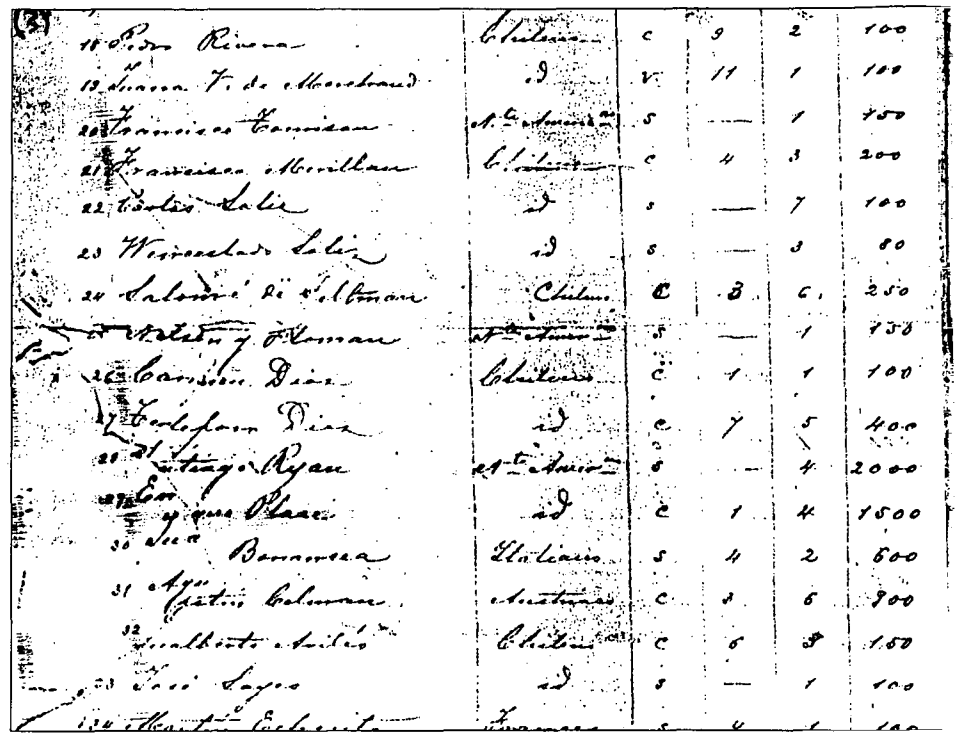

A Colonia 16 de Octubre agricultural survey dated February 15, 1905, that indicates their ranch at the time of the February 5 bank holdup in Río Gallegos.

THE CHOLILA LAND FILING

The names on the land office filing show the extent of American and British settlement in the Cholila Valley in the early 1900s. Here's a run-down on what we know about the names, aside from Ryan and Place.

R.K Perkins: Probably is Richard Perkins, the Argentine-American son of American immigrants. He was arrested with great fanfare by the Buenos Aires police in September 1911 on suspicion of being a member of the famous gang of North American bandits in Argentina, but later released without any charges brought against him. He did admit knowing Butch and Sundance and having worked in the Cholila area, but he denied being involved in any criminal activities.

Aug Nelson: Aug is perhaps short for Augustus or Augustin. Nothing more is known about him.

Albert Felsmann: A new name in Wild Bunch research.

James Sheffield: A new name. Perhaps he is related to Martin Sheffield, a well-known character in the area who claimed to have been a sheriff in Texas.

Fred Kerrigan: We have a copy of an April 18, 1904, letter Kerrigan wrote to the American consul in Buenos Aires regarding delayed mail—he was expecting a check for $200 from a bank in New York—so we can presume he was an American immigrant.

H.S. Kribs: Another new name.

J.C. Perry: Probably is John Commodore Perry (1862-1945), the ex-sheriff of Crockett County, Texas, who came to Cholila with his family around 1901. His ranch was

By Daniel Buck and Anne Meadows

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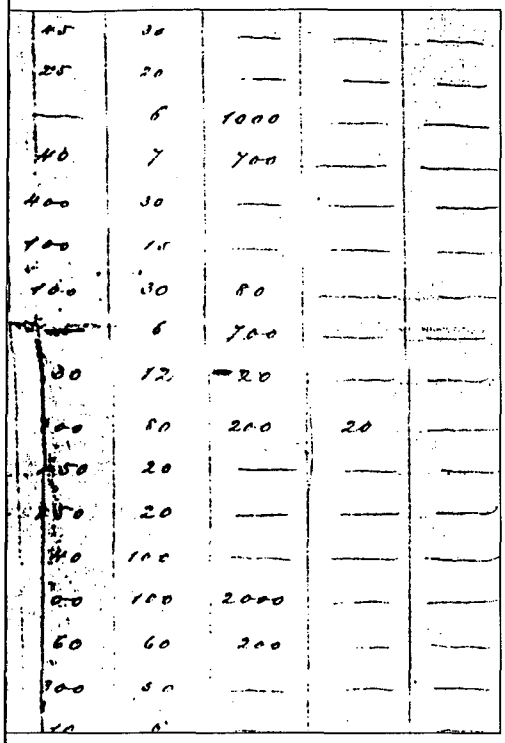
SIGNATURES



Courtesy of Marcelo Gavirati

Butch and Sundance were probably at south of Butch and Sundance's. Perry "is not in Cholila" for the signing of the petition, so George W. Perry signed for him.

George W. Perry: Probably George Perry, an associate of British Prime Minister David Lloyd George. Perry immigrated to Argentina, where he became a friend and partner of John Gardner, whose signature appears on the livestock brand filing of November 5, 1901.

E. Humphries: Probably Eduardo Humphries, a Welsh-Argentine and by all accounts a good friend of Butch and Sundance. He was for some time a *comisario* (policeman) in the 16 de Octubre colony. (Cholila was part of the colony.) When an order was issued in early 1905 to arrest Butch and Sundance on suspicion of holding-up the bank in Río Gallegos, Humphries alerted his two friends and they and Ethel Place escaped. Humphries was later fired from his post.

T.H. Parry: A new name. Note that he was also "not in Cholila" for the signing.

THE NOVEMBER 5, 1901, LIVESTOCK BRAND FILING

Martin Underwood: Born in Buenos Aires province in 1863, the son of English-Scotch immigrants. He was a pioneer member of the 16 de Octubre colony, having arrived there in 1891. He was a rancher and also a *comisario* and justice of the peace.

Milton Roberts: From Liverpool, England, although he came to Argentina by way of New York. Roberts was also a *comisario.* (The place was evidently crawling with police!) Roberts received an order in April 1906 to arrest Butch and Sundance. Although the pair had fled the year before, when Roberts went back to Cholila he just missed Sundance, who had sneaked back to sell some sheep and horses.

John Gardner: Born in 1876, Gardner came to Argentina from Glasgow, Scotland, in 1890. He is said to have worked at Leleque, an estancia east of Cholila. He and the Wild Bunch trio became good friends. Some stories have him becoming enamored of Ethel Place and possibly getting her pregnant. In 1907 he went to Ireland, where he died in 1946.

THE COLONIA 16 DE OCTUBRE AGRICULTURAL SURVEY

This same survey indicates that H.A. Place had a partner named **David Moor** (probably Moore), which is a new name to the Wild Bunch historians. Why he was listed as a partner, *socio* of Place, since Place and Ryan themselves were partners, is not clear. It could be that Place cut Moore in on a part of his livestock in return for certain work.

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THE HANGING OF BOB AUGUSTINE

BY LISA WALLER ROGERS

FROM THE MEMOIRS OF CHARLES ADELBERT HERFF

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GRAHAM WARD

Bob Augustine was a devilishly handsome man—if you overlooked the fact that he was slightly bowlegged. Being bowlegged was about the only thing Bob had come by honestly in all his thirty-five years. It was true that Bob had spent half his life in the saddle. But that's about the extent of his integrity. Bob Augustine was no respectable cowpuncher. Bob Augustine was a notorious desperado.

Unfortunately, he was just the sort of man that women fall in love with. He was strong and fearless, of course, and he cut a manly figure. But it was Bob's "tender side" that really got the maternal instinct going. He had soft, brown, gazelle-like eyes with eyelashes at least half an inch long. He sported a small, black moustache and his pearly-white teeth set off his fine mouth. When he smiled, the corners of his mouth curled upwards, making him look just like a shy and innocent girl. He could be charming and gallant. Bob was a favorite with the girls of San Antonio.

Bob always wore a big, brown,

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beautifully ornamented Mexican sombrero. And out from underneath this big hat tumbled Bob's long, wavy, pitch-black hair. Bob parted his hair right down the middle and let it fall naturally over his broad shoulders.

A fussy dresser, Bob always wore a spotless, white ruffled shirt, topped by a red necktie. His coat was made of yellowish-brown buckskin. Its front and back were covered in gorgeous embroidery, a testament to the skills of Bob's many girlfriends. His pants were of gray corduroy with black leather trimming running down the seams. His boots, their tops decorated with a red Lone Star on a white background, were kept highly polished. They had high heels that had been fitted with long Mexican spurs. Every time Bob took a step, the silver spurs jangled.

As a rule, Bob was pleasant to talk with. His voice had a musical quality that was pleasing to the ear. But that same voice could suddenly become loud, coarse, hard, and grating were someone to say something that made Bob mad. Thus enraged, his eyes jumped from mellow to savage in an instant. He became a menacing tiger. You never knew when someone was going to set off his hair-trigger temper. And it was woe to he who did. Bob's bullet always found its mark.

About three months before his death in 1861, Bob gave a public exhibition of his expert markmanship. It took place on the Alameda, a tree-lined promenade just to the south of the Alamo church. First, on foot, Bob stood with a six-shooter in each hand. Without taking aim, he planted a bullet in the center of a different tree with each shot. He then repeated this performance from the back of a galloping horse. Out of twenty shots, Bob never scored a miss.

Everybody went out of their way to be exceedingly courteous to Bob following this demonstration. Bob Augustine was indeed a very dangerous man to trifle with; nevertheless, the local vigilantes kept their eyes on him.

For some time, Bob managed to stay just this side of the law. But the day came when the temptation to misbehave proved too strong for him, and he no longer could resist its pull. So, one late Sunday afternoon, Bob rode over to Military Plaza. He entered the Green Bull Saloon and downed several shots of tequila. This started him going some. Then he charged over to Madam Candelaria's fandango, where he danced and swung some of the señoritas around and drank some *Vino de Parral.* He became rowdy and sang some ribald Spanish songs.

He left the fandango and rode over to the Chihuahua district. There he attended a rooster fight and several dog fights and tanked up some more. He was now gloriously drunk. It was dark as he swung back on to his horse, and, yelling and howling, rode through town intent on all kinds of mischief. He shot out the lights in a resort on East Street. He shot off door knobs. With his horse frothing and neighing, he chased a fleeing man and shot him in the leg.

Still mounted on his exhausted horse, he turned abruptly onto Dolorosa Street and, with lightning speed, rushed into Military Plaza. He gave several blood-curdling wolf howls and, while still on horseback, charged the chili stands that were set up in the middle of the plaza. He knocked over the tables. Chili, bowls, tortillas, ladles, lanterns, and bottles went flying. He then jumped off his horse and began to chase the chili queens in every direction. When he caught them, he grabbed them by their long, black hair, whipped out his sharp Bowie knife, and, with one quick motion, cut off their beautiful tresses. With a terrific horse laugh, he threw their hair high into the air.

Bob was having a rip-roaring time when Bill Lyons, the city marshal, heard the commotion quite a distance away on Main Plaza. Risking his life, Bill rushed over, pounced upon Bob, caught him by his own long hair, twisted his arms behind him, and marched him off to the Bat Cave.

The Bat Cave was the jail in the back of the courthouse on the northwest corner of Military Plaza. It was nothing short of a medieval dungeon. It was dark, smelly, foul, and filthy. Lice, cockroaches, bedbugs, ants, earwigs, spiders, and blowflies called the Bat Cave home. Prisoners were fettered in iron chains in cells with dirt floors and no water.

Bob was thrown in jail; the news spread like wildfire. "They've captured Bob Augustine!" Trial was set for the next morning in the second floor courtroom of the courthouse.

Court could not be held, however, until the thousands of bats which made their home between the canvas ceiling and the roof were driven from the courtroom. It wasn't as if anyone really minded the bats fluttering around the courtroom. The little creatures were harmless, but the clicking noise they made could be very irritating, especially during a court proceeding. As a result, it had become routine procedure to send two men into the courtroom in advance of the judge, the jury, and the spectators. Using two-by-four scandlings with planks nailed across at the top, the two would pound on the ceiling until all the little flittermice were (temporarily) evicted.

By the time the court convened Monday morning, there was a crowd both inside and outside the courtroom. Judge Pro Tem Brewer was sitting in the corner, with outstretched legs, feet resting on the table, smoking homegrown tobacco in his corncob pipe.

Judge Brewer looked like a cross between an owl and a shrimp. The owl part was his head. It was big and bullet-shaped. He had an enormous hooked nose on which were perched a pair of large, silver-rimmed glasses, which always appeared to be giving off a glitter. He had broad shoulders, large hips, and a black moustache. His small feet were crossed and wigwagged back and forth like a shrimp's tail.

In the center of the room stood a table about twelve feet long and four feet wide. It was covered with a

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smooth, green cloth like a billiard table, and, was, no doubt, the setting for some lively after-court games of poker and monte.

The acting recorder began the session by saying, "Mr. Seffel! Bring in Bob Augustine!" Mr. Seffel, the peace officer, was a bear of a man. He had Herculian strength. He used to be a blacksmith for the government. Once, though, while he was shoeing a mule, the mule got ornery and bit Mr. Seffel on his arm. Mr. Seffel doubled up his fist and whacked the mule between the eyes. On the spot, the mule dropped dead. The government wanted to discharge Mr. Seffel, but the commanding general interceded on his behalf. The general himself had been bitten by a mule several years before while serving in the federal army. He felt that he was the best judge of what a mule's bite felt like.

Officer Seffel escorted Bob into the packed courtroom. Bob carried his big, brown sombrero under his arm and took a seat directly across from the judge.

"Good morning, Bob!" said Judge Brewer. "Bob, I see you done played hell again over there in Chihuahua last night and, as you can see, I am judge pro tem today and I will pass sentence upon you and tell you beforehand if you are in the least guilty I am going to sock it to you this time.

"You are charged with behavior unbecoming a gentleman. You raised hell in Chihuahua last night, yelled and howled like a hyena, shot off door knobs, shot out lights, shot a fleeing man in the leg, knocked chili stands over, frightened the wits out of the gals, cut off their tresses and laughed like a hoss and played hell in general. Now, Bob, I want to ask: Are you guilty or not guilty of these acts?"

Bob replied, "I refuse to answer. Before you ask any more of them questions, I want you to take them hoofs of yourn off the table out of consideration of the many refined ladies here present." The judge reluctantly put his feet down. The courtroom erupted in wild laughter and applause.

That got the judge's dander up. With a vigorous "WHACK!", he struck the table with his gavel and shouted, "Order in Court! We don't want any of these demonstrations in this here trial, Officer! See to it that there is not another disturbance of this kind. Just put them out of this courtroom. Put them in the Bat Cave if they resist!"

Officer Seffel, ever ready to do his duty, turned to the crowd, and with his German-laced English said, "You all have done heared vot der Tsutch said a leetie vile ago yet. He wants no more of demonstrations in this trial .... if you make monstrations once more again I vill crap you by der collar or vack you one on der calabaza wid my shilulah. If you desist me, I'II stick you in der Pat Cave vare you vill hev to linker wid der lice, gallinappers, ants, spiders, earwickers, and blowflies!"

Fresh laughter broke out. Officer Seffel went red in the face. But before he could exact punishment, he was interrupted by the judge: "Seffel, this demonstration is meant for you, you certainly gave them a stiff talk! This here court really extends to you, such an efficient officer, its thanks!"

The judge turned back to Bob. "Now, Bob, I ask you again in all kindness. Are you guilty or not guilty of these charges?"

Bob said, "You heard what I said before. It's for you to find out. What the hell are you here for anyway?" He cursed and pounded his fist upon the table. "I want you to understand that I am a free-born Texican. I demand a jury."

The judge was surprised by this response. Nevertheless, he said to Officer Seffel, "Seffel, go out there and bring in twelve men."

After about an hour, the twelve men came shuffling in. The judge told them to take a seat. One of the jurors looked around and said, "Where are we all going to sit? There is only four chairs in here."

The judge shrieked at Officer Seffel, "What became of them chairs?"

He came to find out that the Mexicans had had a dance at San Pedro Springs Park, had borrowed the chairs, and had not yet returned them.

One of the jurors had a suggestion: "Let's go over to Moke's and fetch some of them boxes standing on the sidewalk to sit on." Mr. Moke was a local merchant known for his charity and always got the contract to supply the different military outposts with ham, bacon, and lard.

When the jurors returned with Mr. Moke's boxes and everyone was seated, the judge continued. "Now you fellows I will appoint you all as jurors. Your pay will be two dollars per diem and you will now have to decide whether Bob Augustine is guilty or not guilty. He won't plead either way. We have our witnesses and Bob can get his own. But, first of all, I want to ask Bob if he wants a lawyer to defend him."

"I don't need no lawyer," Bob shot back. "I can handle that jury myself."

Then one of the jurors asked the judge if the pay of two dollars a day included the dinner. He was told that, if the case went past noon, the city would pay for his meal. Judge Brewer went one step further and sweetened the pot: "Mr. Seffel and Bill Lyons will take you all down to Mr. Ernst's Restaurant where you will get full bellies."

Seeing that the jury was clearly pleased, the judge returned to the matter of Bob Augustine. But he was so flustered that he forgot to administer the oath to the jurymen.

The judge addressed the jury. "Gentlemen of this here jury! Bob Augustine is charged with playing hell over in Chihuahua last night, firing off his six-shooters in every direction, shot a fleeing man in the ...." He was interrupted by Bob.

"Judge, hold that big trap of your'n a minute, I want to have a good look at this here jury of mine." He folded his arms and leisurely looked every man full in the face. He made a point of scanning each one of them from head to foot, which caused great discomfort among the jury.

After he had scrutinized half of

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the jury in this menacing manner, Bob said, "Men! I tell you what I am up to. I am taking in my mind a photograph of you all. I want your faces so stamped on that brain of mine that I shall not forget. If you fellows dare to convict me, as sure as I, Bob Augustine is a sitting on this here chair, I'll manage to get out of the Bat Cave and I'll make everyone of you bite the dust!"

And then he wheeled around and pointed his finger at the judge. "Judge, I want you to know that this counts for you, too. Sabe?"

The judge tried to conceal his fear but he was no actor. He fidgeted around, crossing and recrossing his legs nervously.

The jurors were dumbfounded. They sat in stunned silence until one of them motioned for the judge to step over. They gathered in a cluster. The proceedings were interrupted for some time. After a brief delay, the huddle broke up and the judge stepped forward.

"Bob!" announced the judge in a booming voice. "We have had a preliminary powwow in regard to your doings yesterday and we have decided that you are not guilty. It is true that you shot out lights, you shot off door knobs, and shot a citizen in the leg, knocked the chili stands over, cut the chili queens tresses off and laughed aloud like a hoss, but you didn't kill nobody and whom we blame is that lowdown dog who sold you that rotgut whiskey and I wish I had that fellow here right now it would tickle me to death to help hang him, and so would this jury, wouldn't you, men?"

Of course, every juror agreed with the judge. "Yesseree, we would," said one. "You bet your boots we would," chimed in another. "You bet your sweet life and don't you forget it!" and "I should snicker," added others. The judge pronounced Bob a free man.

Bob said, "Judge, I want to thank this noble jury with all my heart and soul. But, Judge, I want you to fork over them two six-shooters of mine what they took from me last night."

"You can have your two popguns," said the judge, "but there won't be no cartridge in them. Two Rangers will see you ten miles out of San Antonio and the next place where you can get your ammunition will be at New Braunfels, and, furthermore, don't never dare show that phiz of yourn in San Antonio. It won't be good for your health."

Bob said, "Is this treating me, a citizen and a good taxpayer, fair?"

"Under the circumstances, it is damned fair enough," answered the judge. "Put that in your pipe and smoke it and think it over."

After this, Bob left his seat, and moved among the crowd. He shook hands with some of his friends, a fair number of them being ladies.

Although everything had settled down, no one seemed to be leaving the courtroom. Everyone appeared to be waiting for something to happen. Bob, however, was too busy laughing and ridiculing the trial to take the pulse of the crowd.

WHILE THE TRIAL had been going on, about two hundred men had gathered on the south side of Military Plaza. Bob had not noticed them before. But, on his way toward the door, he caught a glimpse of them out the courthouse window.

"What are all of them men standing yonder for looking over heah? I don't like the looks of them!" said Bob. After a brief pause, he shouted, "Judge! Put me back in the Bat Cave!"

The judge refused to do so. Bob grew more nervous. Then in company with two rangers, Bob went downstairs. But Bob could not stop thinking about that crowd outside. When he passed an open window, Bob stuck his head out for a better look.

It was his undoing. Two vigilantes, George Schroeder and Fritz Schreiner, were standing on the other side of that window. Immediately, they pounced upon Bob. They caught him by his long hair and yanked him out of the window to the ground below.

This was not lost on the crowd outside. It gave a tremendous shout and surged forward yelling, "Hang him, Hang him! Break his bones in him! Skin him alive! Burn the...!"

Bob began a most unearthly bellowing. He pleaded most pitifully. "Please don't hang me out of consideration for my mother. What will she think when she hears her Bob was strung up on a rope? Please, please don't hang me—shoot me! I'll stand up like a man! Please...."

Someone shouted, "Let's hang him yonder on one of them trees in front of the priest's house!" They rushed Bob under one of those trees. The crowd was growing quite restless and wanted to get at Bob themselves.

Bill Tobin called out, "Listen, you men! Let's keep order here and respect the law and give everyone a chance to see the hanging around here."

Some of the men brought out two coils of rope from Mr. Moke's store. They tied the ends to a tree, stretched it in a double row to two hitching posts and a Mexican carreta, then back to another tree, thereby forming a triangle. Bob was placed inside that triangle with armed men, to keep the crowd off the helpless man.

The crowd was chanting wildly now, both in English and in Spanish. "KILL HIM! *QUE MUERRA*! BURN HIM! *QUE LE QUEMEN!*" Bob was still standing under the tree pleading when Bishop Claude Dubuis came out of his house to see what was the matter.

Once apprised, Bishop Dubuis begged the crowd not to hang Bob in front of his home. It was also a Catholic boarding school and orphanage for girls. The building was sanctified, he said. But this mob smelled blood. They taunted the priest. They mocked him, spat on him, called him a sky pilot, a devil chaser, and other vile and dirty names.

At last, the bishop arose, holding his hands above him saying, "Almighty God in Heaven! Forgive them. God forgive them, for they know not what they are doing." Ignoring their insults, he turned his back on the scene, walked towards his house, opened the door, and

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disappeared inside.

Meanwhile, Bob's hands had been tied behind his back but his legs were left free. The noose was put over his head. Jake Richards tied the rope to the pommel of his pinto mustang's saddle.

He was just about to pull up when a Frenchman by the name of Jules Poignsard wobbled up and said, "Bob Augustine, I am a Frenchman and like all ze Frenchmen I loaf my vine and beer. You know ze Bull's Head Saloon on Marquette Street? Veil, I entered ze saloon and I stepped up to ze countaire and I said, 'Bartendaire, give me a glass of beer.' You turned around end you said: 'Vot ze hell you vant in here?'I responded, 'Bob Augustine, you moast remembaire dat zis iz free counterie.' You took your beeg fiste and eet me in ze mouze."

Then, pointing to his mouth, he continued, "Theeze teeze you knoked out from my goams, I fell on ze floor, end you abused and kicked me in a vary abominable mannair, end I stay in ze bade for tain day, but ze objecte of my viseere is ziss: I coam ere to forgeeve you for ze abuse you ave pairpetraited on my pairson. End venlforgeeve you, I mean zis viz all my art end soul....So I beed you goodbye, Bob Augustin. Zis is all I hev to say before your espirit departs froam zis ere vorreld."

While all this was going on, Jose Penaloza, one of the leaders of the vigilantes, had been ringing the bell at three minute intervals to notify the waiting and nervous public. It was said that Jose Penaloza always carried a rope under his hat just in case an occasion for a hanging might present itself.

Then, Penaloza shouted, "Jacka! Yanka him ope!" Bob went up. Penaloza kept ringing that bell more and more vigorously as Bob was going up. He kept that bell going for about half an hour after Bob had breathed his last.

The hanging was ghastly to behold. It was disgustingly fascinating. The crowd stood fixed to the spot and stared as if hypnotized. Bob's blood-shot eyes bulged out, his tongue came out and turned purple. Each spectator felt as if Bob was looking at him individually. When the death struggle came, there was a heaving of the chest, a tremor passed over the whole body, his legs convulsively spread outwardly, and something snapped and cracked as if his bones were breaking.

It was a rule in those days that whenever a hanging took place, the body was left hanging until after school hours for the benefit of the women and children. On this particular afternoon, the women and schoolchildren of San Antonio visiting Military Plaza found not just Bob Augustine's body hanging from the priest's tree but three other men's as well.

Two days after the hangings, Bishop Dubuis had his twelve beautiful elm trees cut down.

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Alias "Tom Ricketts"
The True Story of Butch Cassidy's Brother, Dan Parker

By Bill Betenson

Dan Parker, who is probably best known as the younger brother to the outlaw, "Butch Cassidy," was once known as an outlaw himself. In fact, Dan went to prison years before Butch did. Using the alias, "Tom Ricketts," Dan was arrested in 1890 for robbing the United States mail near Baggs, Wyoming, the previous year.

Dan was born Daniel Sinclair Parker on November 21, 1867, in the southern Utah town of Beaver, approximately nineteen months after the birth of his older brother, Robert Leroy, who later was known to the world as "Butch Cassidy." Dan was named after his uncle, Daniel Sinclair Gillies (pronounced Gil-us), his mother's brother.

Dan's parents, Maximilian and Annie C. Gillies Parker, were Mormon pioneers who came to Utah across the plains in 1856 with their families. Maximilian came from England and Annie from Scotland. Maximilian walked across the plains at the age of eleven in the McArthur handcart company. Annie traveled across the plains at a young age with the William B. Hodgett wagon train, which followed close behind the ill-fated Martin handcart company. Dan's parents were married in 1865 and settled in Beaver, Utah.

Courtesy of Bill Betenson

Dan Parker in later years.

In 1879, when Dan was twelve years old, the Parker family moved along with several families from Beaver to Circle Valley, Utah. The family settled on a ranch three miles south of present-day Circleville, Utah, near the mouth of Circleville Canyon. Butch and Dan helped their father with the ranch. Maximilian was gone much of the time with other work in an effort to provide for his growing family.

Dan grew to be about the same height as Butch. He was recorded as being five foot nine and a half inches tall in 1890, while Butch was recorded as being five foot nine inches in 1894. However, Dan weighed twenty pounds less than Butch. Dan grew to be thin and lanky like his father, while Butch grew to be stocky and had the looks of his mother's family, the Gillieses.

Dan's parents tried to teach their children to be good Christians and to enjoy life. As a result Dan, like many of his siblings, developed a keen sense of humor and love for life. Dan was described during his trial in Cheyenne as having "a smile on his face and...willing to laugh at anything amusing that came up." As he grew older he often pretended to have a gruff exterior around others, while those who truly knew him, knew of his kindheartedness. All of the Parker children developed personalities and characteristics that displayed a certain joy for life. Butch, of course, developed an infamous reputation as one who enjoyed helping others from the proceeds of his robberies. Rancher William French's first-hand description of Butch confirms the characteristic of one who enjoyed himself. He said, "he had a habit of

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Courtesy of Bill Betenson

Robert Leroy Parker.

grinning...when he spoke to you."

Dan lost part of two fingers on his right hand. There are several versions of how it happened. One story has Butch and Dan chopping wood as young boys. Dan held the wood and Butch worked the ax. Dan unknowingly got his hand too close while Butch accidentally chopped off part of his index and middle fingers.

Another version has Dan losing his fingers in a robbery gone awry. Dan was holding the getaway horses and a bullet supposedly hit his right hand and took off part of two fingers. Still another version claims that it happened while Dan was in prison.

However it happened, Dan wasn't anxious to talk about it or his past. He was quoted when responding to a neighbor's questioning on how it occurred by gruffly saying, "Just by poking my nose in other people's business like you're doing now!"

Dan looked up to his older brother, Butch. In fact, Butch had an influence on many of his younger brothers. When Butch left home in 1884, Dan became the oldest child at home. Being the eldest brought increased responsibility. Dan longed to be out in the world like Butch and away from a tough ranch life that didn't offer much in excitement or material gain, but long, hard days of sweat and toil.

According to his granddaughter, Dan left home soon after Butch. Dan's mother, Annie, said, "He went from home at the age of seventeen years to try his luck in the world, because his parents were poor and their family large, and he hoped to be able to help them." Dan did in fact come from a large family, with twelve brothers and sisters. His mother also said that he worked "on a farm with his father" and that "he was an obedient son and very affectionate to his mother."

After Dan left home, he soon fell in with a rough crowd which led him towards a lifestyle of crime. Dan allegedly helped the outlaw Joe Walker rustle some cattle near Woodside, Utah. Author Pearl Baker said that "he punched cows, herded sheep, or did whatever range work he could get in the La Sal-Blue Mountain area." He worked for a time on the Carlisle Cattle Ranch near Monticello, Utah. Dan was accused of stealing several sheep from a nearby ranch, but was able to avoid any trouble by playing a practical joke of switching the hides with those of the Carlisle's. Dan, like others in his family, enjoyed a good practical joke. He supposedly used several aliases, including Kid Parker, Joe Simms, Kid Jackson, and Billy the Kid, but Tom Ricketts was the most popular.

Many members of the Parker family lived and worked in Telluride, Colorado, including Dan's younger brother, Arthur, who later died there after falling from a horse during a Fourth of July horse race. A sister lived and worked in Telluride and nearby Ophir. Dan also drifted into the Telluride area.

It appears that Dan participated in the Telluride Bank robbery with Butch on June 24, 1889. It was likely only a minor role, such as holding relay horses outside of town. United States Deputy Marshal Joe Bush was quoted in the *Salt Lake Herald* on September 13, 1896, during Matt Warner's trial in Ogden, Utah, as having chased the robbers of the Telluride Bank. He alluded to the fact that one of the four he chased was Dan Parker, who at the time of Matt's trial was serving time in prison. Author Charles Kelly also places Dan in the Telluride robbery as a horse holder.

Dan's younger sister, Lula, loved him and, in concern for his family didn't want to mention his outlaw days in her book, *Butch Cassidy, My Brother.* She did note, however, that Butch ran into Dan after the Telluride holdup. Dan's outlaw days was a subject not spoken of in the family for many years.

There are also stories within the family that some of Butch's other brothers assisted him in other robberies. One story has a brother wanting to join Butch's gang. Butch told him that he was too slow and too stupid to be a member of the gang. The insult was Butch's way of protecting his brother from joining the gang and possibly losing his life.

But Dan found another outlet for his fledgling outlaw career.

On a cold and windy Friday afternoon, December 20, 1889, near Baggs, Wyoming, two men dressed in a disguise, which included a mustache and whiskers made from buffalo rope and held in place with a string, held up the Dixon-to-Rawlins stage. The driver, Abraham Coon, was carrying one passenger, a man named Allen, and the United States mail. The two bandits bro-ught the stage to a standstill as it was heading north, four miles from "Muddy Station," by riding up to the stage and leveling their revolvers at Coon. The older bandit, who was later identified as William Brown, said to Coon, "Stop boys and throw up!"

Once the stage stopped, Brown again spoke, "Throw up your hands, young fellow, or I will kill you." Brown ordered Coon and Allen out of the stage and told them to walk about thirty feet away with their backs to the stage. While Brown got off his horse to go through the mail bag, the younger bandit, who was later identified as Dan, stayed on his horse with his six-shooter leveled at the two passengers.

Before Brown could go through the mail, a freight wagon driven by

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Fred Elliot approached the idle stage along the lonely road. Brown instructed Dan, "You guard them and I will go and hold up this team." After Brown stopped the freight wagon, Elliot told him that he had no money or a gun. Brown responded that he and his partner were working men, like Elliot, and told him to pass on by the stage. As Elliot passed the stage, he threw up his hands as a salute to Coon and Allen, who he said later "looked pretty lonesome."

After the freighter left, Brown returned to the stage, pulled out the mail bag, cut it open and spread the contents out on the ground. He then proceeded to open the letters in hopes of finding some money or valuables. He put the contents of the registered mail in his pockets, gathered up the letters, stuffed them into the mail bag, and threw the bag back into the stage.

Brown walked over to passenger Allen, pointed his six-shooter at him and asked, "How much money have you got, partner?" At this, Allen handed Brown his pocketbook. Brown asked him, "Are you sure this is all?" Brown then pointed his six shooter at the driver and asked how much he had. Coon responded, "Four bits." Brown further questioned him. Coon responded that he was free to search him, but Brown joked, "No, you keep that, and when you get into Rawlins, drink to the health of Frank Jackson." Brown ordered the two back onto the stage and on their way. He mounted his horse and as they began to leave, Dan Parker fired two or three shots under the horses pulling the stage.

The robbery proved to provide little profit for the outlaws' troubles. A witness testified that Brown had told him they had gotten $100 and some checks. The witness also testified Dan told him that they had to get rid of the checks because they were no good. One newspaper reported that "about $300" was stolen from the mail sacks and the passenger's pockets.

It was also reported later in the newspaper that the passenger, Allen, had $450 on him, with $300 in a purse that he was able to drop and hide under his boot while Brown searched him. Allen allegedly went back later after the robbery to recover his purse. The postal officials suspected Allen as being an accomplice due to his actions and he was held under a bond of $500 by local authorities. Apparently he must have been released later because Allen never testified at the trial.

While Dan was in hiding he allegedly received a letter from his brother, Butch. The letter was written to Dan, but the envelope was addressed to Lorenzo Watson of Parowan, Utah, where Dan was hiding.

A reward of $1,000 was offered by Deputy United States Marshal T. Jeff Carr on behalf of the United States Post Office Department for the arrest and conviction of the two stage robbers. Carr distributed circulars throughout Colorado and Wyoming with descriptions of the two robbers. The description of the younger robber matched that of Dan.

There is some question of when and where exactly Dan was arrested. Deputy United States Marshal George R. Bush testified that he arrested Dan Parker in Moab, Utah, in September 1890. Marshal Bush further stated he initially pursued Dan for horse stealing, until Dan mentioned robbing a stage. Dan testified that he was arrested for the stage robbery, "on or about the first of September 1890, by a man by the name of Bush at the Vernal Post Office." Dan further testified that he had first met Bush in Moab where he had been arrested on another charge. Dan stated that he had been arrested by a Mr. Allred and that Bush later came to take him from the law officers in Moab. The postal file gives Dan's arrest as August 28, 1890, by Deputy United States Marshal J.R. Bush at Blue Mountain Gulch, Utah. The *Salt Lake Tribune* quoted Bush as saying, "I went in with a posse after them, but only succeeded in getting Parker, after chasing the gang from Wyoming to

Courtesy of Bill Betenson

William Brown.

Utah, thence to New Mexico, thence back to the Blue mountains and finally to the La Sal mountains, where Parker was captured after a desperate resistance." The *Cheyenne Leader* reported, "Parker was captured by a constable there [Bennett, in Uintah County, Utah] and turned over to Bush at Moab."

Annie Parker said that her son, Dan, was held for "more than a month in Salt Lake City" after being arrested. "From there he was taken to Rawlins," Wyoming for his "preliminary hearing, and finally tried in Cheyenne in March 1891." Dan was held in Salt Lake City for a short time because of complications created by Wyoming's statehood. He was then taken to Rawlins for his preliminary examination. He was received at the Wyoming penitentiary in Laramie on October 19, 1890, where he was held for safekeeping with a $3,000 bail. Dan was later released for trial to the United States Court in Cheyenne on April 7, 1891.

William Brown was arrested during a dance at a ranch by Deputy United States Marshal Frank M. Canton on January 8, 1891, in Johnson County, "at a little place called Piney" near Buffalo, Wyoming.

Dan was mostly an amateur outlaw. It was reported in a local newspaper that "while covering his men with a revolver, he was considerably

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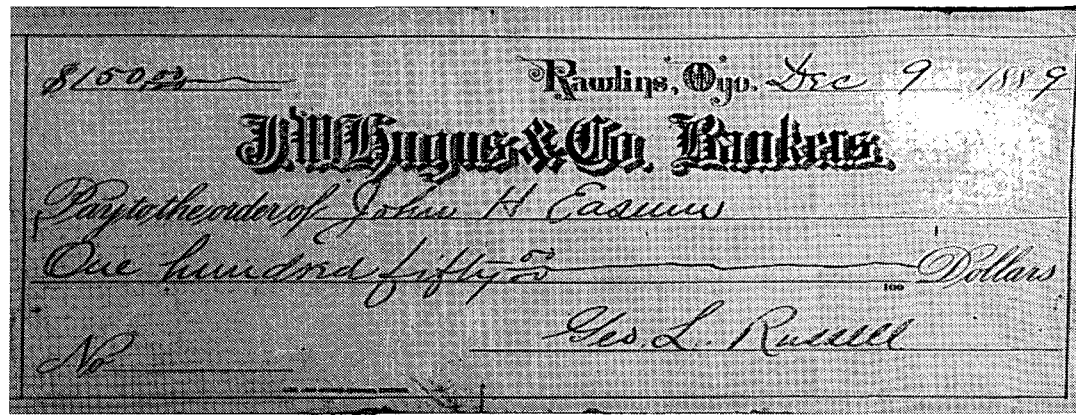
excited and quite nervous." William Brown, on the other hand, proved to be a much more seasoned criminal. He was wanted for crimes in Arizona and New Mexico and bragged about killing a man in Colorado. Brown, being older, likely had a big influence on Dan. Marshal J.R. Bush was quoted as saying, "He [Brown] is a bad man to fool with. He has been into too many scrapes to weaken now. If he ever weakens there are lots of men in the country who will try to kill him." William Brown had many aliases, including Frank Rogers, John Day, Dolph Lusk, Dave Ray, George McGovney, Red Bill, and Jim Moore. He was using the alias J.H. Day when he was arrested by Frank M. Canton.



Courtesy of Bill Betenson

Copy of a stolen check from Dan Parker's mail robbery.

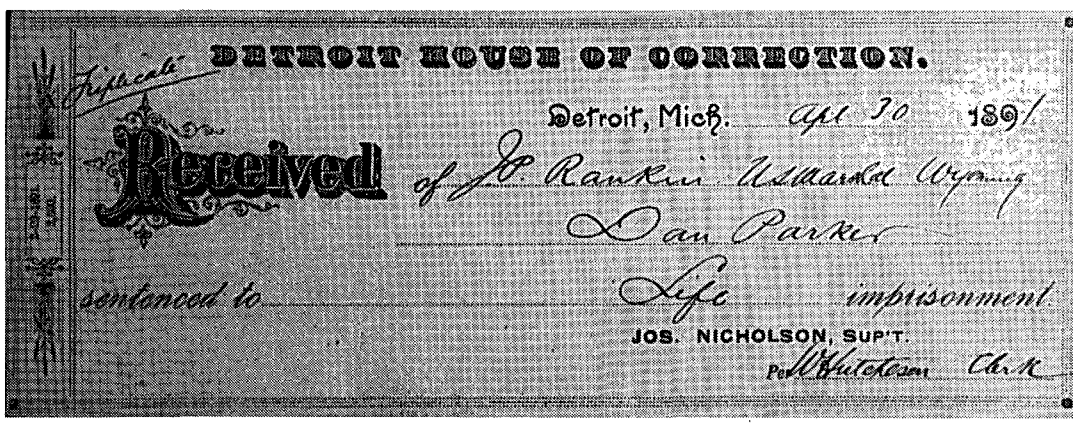
Dan proved that he didn't have nerves of steel when he was questioned. After being arrested he was turned over to Marshal T.J. Carr. Up until that time, which had been about a month, Dan had maintained that his name was Tom Ricketts. However, when Carr pushed him into telling the truth, he broke down and admitted his name was Dan Parker and was "of the Parker family of southern Utah." He also gave the names of all his family members, except Robert Leroy (Butch Cassidy).

The trial was held in the United States District Court in Cheyenne, Wyoming, on April 17 and 18, 1891. William Brown and Dan Parker were prosecuted by the United States attor-ney for Wyoming, Benjamin F. Fow-ler, assisted by Willis Van Devanter, and defended by attorneys C.E. Dodge and A.C. Campbell.

Dan always maintained his innocence and his parents strongly supported him. Annie wrote, "We firmly believe" Dan was "hastily tried and unjustly condemned, for a crime of which he is wholly innocent." She boldly stated, "Marshal Bush, who arrested our son, was heard to say that he would convict his prisoners if he had to hire witnesses in five counties." She further stated, "We believe that the witnesses were bribed; and that the reward offered by the State was the means of convicting an innocent man."

Even after Dan had been in prison for several years, he maintained his innocence. Annie said he was "advised to plead guilty as a better standpoint from which to ask for mercy," but "he says he will die before he will take upon himself that unmerited disgrace."

A Cheyenne newspaper reported, "Parker is about eighteen years old and is quite intelligent, using good language while on the witness stand." Several witnesses at the trial related that Dan had testified at his preliminary examination that he was at Dry Valley near Moab on December 20, 1889, when the robbery had taken place. Dan, however, testified at his trial that he was at Ashley Fork nearly 250 miles away from Dry Valley, on December 20, 1889. He even signed a deposition stating that he could prove he was 200 miles away from the location of the crime, but was never able to provide the means to have his witnesses come to Cheyenne to prove his innocence. Annie dramatically said that Dan "wrote to his father and begged him to come to him, but the letter arrived when his father was lying very ill, so ill that the news it contained was withheld by his friends for fear it would cost [him] his life."



Courtesy of Bill Betenson

The prison receipt for Dan Parker.

Abraham Coon testified that at the time of the robbery, he didn't recognize the younger robber as

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Dan Parker because of his disguise. Later, Coon said that he recognized Dan as the robber by general appearance. It was a fellow outlaw's testimony that was extremely damaging. Joseph Murr testified that in April 1890, during a dance in Moab, William Brown told him that "he had to skip out of the northern country" because "he had robbed a stage up there." Brown allegedly told him "that he and a fellow by the name of Parker robbed a stage somewhere about Rawlins."

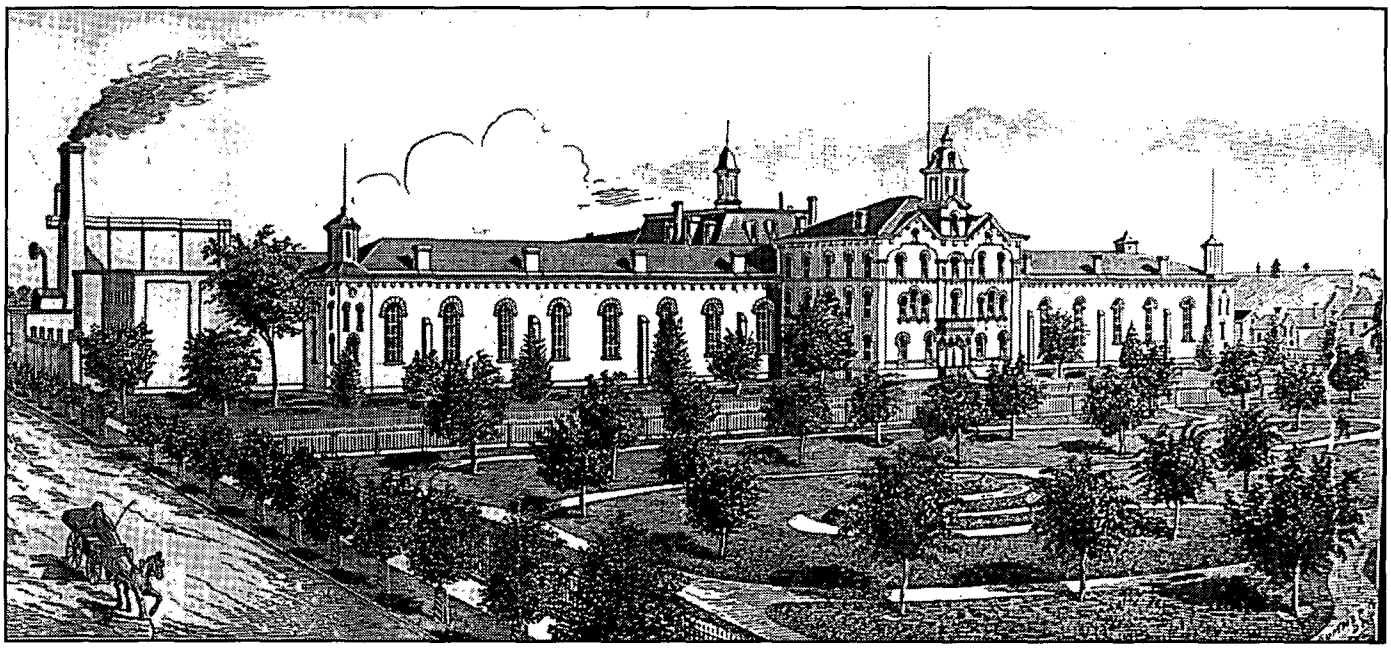
A few days after the dance, Dan Parker, answering to the name "Tom Ricketts," allegedly arrived to stay with Murr. Murr testified that Dan told him on several occasions that he and Brown had robbed a stage close to Rawlins. Murr further stated that Brown had told several people because Brown was proud of the robbery and liked to brag about it. Brown supposedly smiled at this statement by Murr during the trial and seemed to be amused by Murr's testimony.

Following the trial, a Cheyenne newspaper quoted Murr on the travels of William Brown and Dan Parker after the stage robbery. The newspaper stated, "the two men started out to rob the store at Dixon, but learning that there was no money in the store they decided to rob the stage, giving as a reason that they wanted some money to spend on Christmas. After holding up the stage they went to Utah and drifted down into the northern part of New Mexico where a plan was hatched to rob the Durango, Colo[rado] bank. The scheme was for Brown, Parker, Murr, and two other men to ride into the town, go up to the bank, and hold up the cashier. Brown was to gather up the money, while Parker kept the official quiet. Murr and the two other men were to stay outside and keep the citizens at bay in true Jesse James style. After robbing the bank they intended to go up and rob the Denver & Rio Grande train near Grand Junction and then escape into Utah." This plan was prevented when Marshal Bush appeared on the scene.

On April 18, 1891, Dan Parker and William Brown were found guilty of robbing the United States mail. The jury only deliberated for about two hours before bringing in the verdict. The newspapers said, "review of the evidence in the case...was so complete that conviction was a foregone conclusion." During closing remarks, the defense attorney, Mr. Campbell, knew a conviction was likely coming and tried to make a strong plea for the prisoners. He described a very bleak picture of life imprisonment, in an attempt to touch the jurors' hearts. At this point in the trial, William Brown broke down and cried.

On April 22, 1891, a motion for a new trial was filed with the court on the grounds that the trial transpired before the defendants could provide their witnesses. This motion was overruled. Brown and Parker were sentenced on April 24, 1891, "to be imprisoned for [the] term of natural life at hard labor in the Detroit House of Corrections." The newspapers described Parker and Brown as not being prepared for their guilty verdict when it was given. The judge in the case, Judge Riner, later said that the sentence was excessive in consideration, being that Dan "was a mere youth" at the time of the offense, but there was no exception in the law. The life sentence was a result of robbing the United States mail with the use of deadly weapons and by putting the life of the carrier in jeopardy.

They were sentenced to the Detroit House of Corrections because robbing the United States mail was a federal crime and the Detroit prison had contracted with



Courtesy of Bill Betenson

The Detroit House of Corrections, circa 1889.

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Courtesy of Bill Betenson

The Parker family ranch as it looks today.

Wyoming to hold federal prisoners. This policy was later changed. If it had only been altered earlier, Dan would have stayed in Wyoming and would have been present when his older brother, Butch, arrived for his eighteen-month sentence for horse theft.

United States Marshal Joseph P. Rankin delivered Dan Parker and William Brown to the Detroit House of Corrections on April 30, 1891.

On July 15, 1894, Butch Cassidy entered the prison in Laramie. Having two sons in prison proved an exceptional burden on Dan's mother, Annie. Dan's younger sister, Lula, remembered her mother walked the fields of their ranch in tears.

On November 19, 1891, William Brown and Dan Parker's attorney, A.C. Campbell, filed a bill of exceptions for his clients. However, Judge Riner said, "The move was made too late, and the highwaymen have left all hope behind. They are in for life."

Prison life at the Detroit House of Corrections was intense. The general health of the prisoners was adequate, however, several deaths occurred mainly due to pneumonia, consumption, and tuberculosis. William Brown later developed tuberculosis and mental disorders. He was released and committed to Saint Elizabeth's Insane Asylum in Washington, DC, on July 10, 1900. A physical examination revealed that he thought he was still at the prison in Detroit. He suffered from delusions in which he thought he owned all the metal in the ground and several railroads. His health continued to worsen and he died "rather suddenly" at the age of forty at 4 PM on July 21, 1900.

Dan Parker faired much better. The Detroit warden stated on March 16, 1895, that since Dan's incarceration in 1891, "his conduct has been very good, in fact excellent." The warden reported that Parker's "health is good; no organic disturbance noticeable." The prison physician examined Dan and reported the same day that he found him to be "enjoying very good health."

The story of Maximilian and Annie's love for Dan in their relentless effort to see him pardoned is a touching story in itself.

The first attempt to get Dan pardoned was made with President Grover Cleveland in 1895, four years after Dan was first incarcerated in Detroit. The family has said Maximilian wanted Dan to learn his lesson, which is why an attempt to get Dan pardoned was not made right away. It is apparent that his parents must have quietly questioned his innocence while publicly defending it. They definitely felt his punishment was "extreme and out of proportion to the offense."

Maximilian and Annie wrote many letters in Dan's behalf to Senators Joseph Rawlins of Wyoming and Frank Cannon of Utah Territory. Letters were also written to Pres-idents Grover Cleveland and William McKinley. They maintained Dan's innocence throughout their pleadings. They made a strong case for Dan's youth at the time of the robbery and, in fact, exaggerated it.

Maximilian's attorney wrote a letter to President Cleveland for Maximilian and pleaded Dan's case by laying out several "statements of fact." He stated that Dan's attorneys were appointed by the court and were "called into the case without sufficient investigation and preparation," which resulted in Dan "having no means to procure witnesses that would have proven his absence at the time and place, when [the] said robbery was alleged to have been committed." Next he embellished Dan's young age by stating Dan "was then only a boy—a few months past 17 years of age." Dan was actually twenty-two years old at the time of the robbery in 1889. He stated that Dan's conviction "almost wholly and solely rested on the testimony of one Abe Coons" whose reputation "for truth and veracity, and reliability as to his statements is very doubtful and questionable." Maximilian said through his attorney that if Coon's testimony was to be believed, then because of Dan's youth he was "certainly led into said crime by said Brown, who was thirty years his senior...and adept in crime." In reality, William Brown was only seven years older than Dan but was an experienced outlaw.

He stated that because of Maximilian's own ill health "caused by exposure in the mountains and

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hard work" he was unable "to obtain such affidavits and other evidence" to prove Dan's innocence. He stressed how critically Dan was needed at home, saying that "his [Maximilian's] health is permanently destroyed, and he is virtually unable to earn such support as his family need[s], and that the help and assistance of his son is daily and absolutely necessary." He further stated that he "is now confined to his bed, and no hopes are entertained for his recovery, and that his wife will thereby be left a widow with seven children, her oldest boy being only 14 yrs old." Maximilian was fifty-one at the time and lived to the age of ninety-four.

Maximilian further stated that Dan had already served four years and eight months of his sentence and that it was his first offense. The father said that the "punishment is extreme and unwarranted by the evidence and that no repentance can ever be made manifest by [the] defendant and as he avers he might as well have received the punishment of death for having committed said offense as to be sentenced to imprisonment for life." Maximilian ended with the statement "that the ends of justice have already been satisfied by the years of his incarceration: that his good conduct is guaranteed in the future."

In Dan's behalf, Senator Joseph L. Rawlins confirmed Maximilian's statements in a letter in 1895. He further stated that Dan was at home in Circleville at the time of the robbery. He said, "I am personally acquainted with Parker's parents and they are respectable people, although quite poor." He said Dan had a respectable reputation up to the time of the alleged offense. Rawlins said that he, as an attorney, had "carefully read the testimony of the principal witness against Parker and it leaves considerable doubt as to his [Dan's] identity." Senator Rawlins said he felt if Dan had participated in the crime, he had undoubtedly been led into the crime by Brown. He believed the "ends of justice would be subserved by the pardon of young Parker" and recommended the pardon be granted.

The United States attorney for Wyoming, Benjamin F. Fowler, who had prosecuted Dan, wrote on March 1, 1895, in Dan's behalf, "I am of the opinion that the Defendant has been sufficiently punished. In fact...I think that the statue is far too severe. Four years imprisonment in penitentiary should certainly be sufficient punishment for the acts which this young man has committed. As I remember young Parker, he was rather a bright, intelligent young man, and did not impress me as being of a vicious type."

The first attempt to get Dan pardoned was unsuccessful. On March 24, 1895, President Cleveland denied Dan's pardon application by writing, "I cannot find sufficient justification for interfering with the sentence in this case at this time—G.C." Although frustrated, Dan's parents were not hindered in their efforts and they continued to seek his pardon with the assistance of many officials.

Senator Frank Cannon of Utah wrote to President Cleveland in 1896. He urged him to again review the case and stressed how an aged Mrs. Parker needed Dan at home. He stated, "Perhaps you may find the situation as it exists to-day justification for pardon." This letter fell on deaf ears because the president was completing his last of two terms in office and was replaced the next year by William McKinley.

The new president, however, acted on the pleas of Dan's mother and urging from Senator Rawlins. The latter requested McKinley grant the pardon as a "Christmas present for the unhappy mother." The president granted Dan's pardon on December 23, 1897. He was released on December 28, 1897, after serving six years and eight months. He was thirty years old.

Once Dan arrived home safely, Annie wrote to McKinley on January 8, 1898, thanking him. She wrote, "please except [sic] the gratitude of a fond mother's heart for the joy you have brought into the house hold by granting a pardon."

Annie was also grateful to Senator Rawlins for his efforts to get Dan released. In honor of the senator, she named her youngest son born in 1894 Joseph Rawlins Parker.

After being released from prison, Dan immediately returned home to Circle Valley, Utah, to live with his family. Dan had learned his lesson and didn't want to repeat the same nightmare.

Four years later, on December 11, 1901, Dan Parker married Annice Ann McMullin in St. George, Utah. Annice, whose nickname was "Nan," was Dan's first cousin. Nan's mother and Dan's father were brother and sister. The newlyweds lived for a time in Leeds, Utah, where Nan's family lived.

The couple later settled in the southern Utah town of Parowan, the same town that Dan was supposedly hiding out in when Butch wrote him the letter from Wyoming in 1890. Dan and Nan had eleven children. The first child was stillborn, but they later raised ten children, five boys and five girls. One daughter said that their mother would not allow Dan to talk to the children about his outlaw days because she didn't want the other children at school to tease them and call them "little outlaws." One of their daughters remembers that her mother showed her Dan's pardon when she was a teenager.

Dan loved his family and proved to be very kind to his children. One daughter said, "He would take me up town (in Parowan) to buy me candy because he said I was so pretty. My mother would curl my hair and put a big bow in it. People would stop and say, 'You mean you are the father of this beautiful girl?' and he would respond with a cuss word." Like most of Dan's children, she felt like she was his favorite.

Dan traveled around looking for work and as a result was gone from home often, much the same as his father was when Dan was a boy. The Pinkerton Detective Agency kept tabs on him after he was released from prison because his brother was Butch Cassidy. One file states that he was working in a coal mine near

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Fay, Lincoln County, Nevada. In the journal of Joseph Betenson, who was Dan's brother-in-law, Betenson wrote that he went to work in the mining town of Kimberly, Utah, with Dan and several others, including two of Dan's brothers, Eb and Rawlins, in the summer of 1905. They chopped cordwood for the mill and power plant at a dollar per cord.

In 1907, Dan Parker moved his family from Parowan to Circle Valley by team and wagon, to run the Parker ranch for his father for one year. Nan would not go without her sewing machine, so Dan loaded it up with the family.

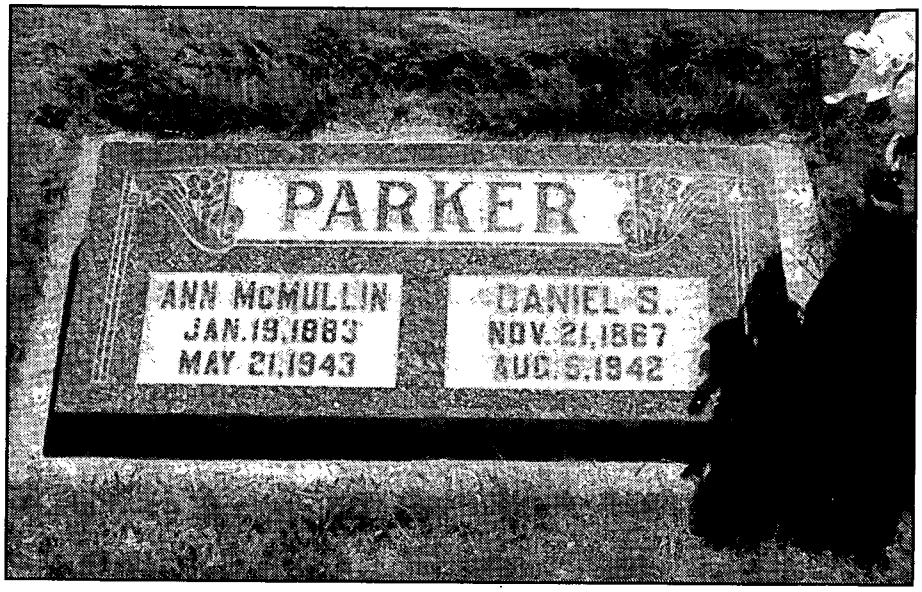
Dan's niece said that Dan and his siblings were all very close. She remembers as a child growing up in Circleville that Dan would come to visit her mother often in the summertime. On one of the visits, he and her mother were peeling peaches in the kitchen and were "just laughing their heads off" as they visited together.

At some point in Dan's life he developed severe stomach problems, which later led to his death. A number of family members who remember Dan, say that he took baking soda by the handful to try and settle his stomach and relieve his stomach pains.

All members of the Parker family had nicknames given to them by each other. Everyone in the family usually went by their nicknames and not their given names. Dan's nickname was "Snip."

Dan was also known for his unique personality. He was not afraid to speak his mind and was often colorfully blunt, as described in several recorded accounts. For example, Dan was working on a haying crew near Parowan. As part of their room and board, the crew ate meals with the family who owned the farm. At the first meal, Dan had finished and was having a second cup of coffee when the housewife noticed and asked, "What do you think of my coffee, Mr. Parker?" Dan quickly responded, "It's thin, ma'am, mighty thin."

Dan was known to use "colorful" language at times, but was always polite and never swore around women. Of course, it was slightly different when a crowd of men was around him.



Courtesy of Bill Betenson

Dan Parker's grave.

In another account, Dan was at the local saloon one night and the stories were coming "close and tall." "A stranger came over to confront Dan. He had $5.00 in his hand and said, 'Stranger, I have said for a number of years that if I ever listened to a man who swore more than I do in the course of an ordinary conversation, I would give him $5.00.' Dan looked at him and said, 'What do we do, have a contest?' The man handed him the five and said, 'No contest—the money is yours.'"

A favorite story is told by an old timer in Parowan. He said, "I worked at the Parowan Mercantile for several years. One morning Dan came in with his three younger boys. He talked to Art Joseph [the owner] for a few minutes then Art called me over and said, 'You take Dan and fix him up with what he needs. Then bring the bill to me.' When we got to the clothing department Dan said, 'We are going to Circleville to a funeral. My father died last night.' I said, 'Well that is too bad, I'm sorry.' Dan looked me right in the eyes and said, 'G— D—, it ain't too bad. He's ninety-four years old. He'd ought to be dead.' When his needs were filled I made the entries on a regular charge book. He asked to sign it and did. Then left with shoes, pants, and shirts. I took the book to Art and said, 'That's a pretty good sized bill. I wonder how he's going to pay it.' Art said, 'I do too, but he'll find a way. Dan Parker is an honorable man.'"

Later on in his life, Dan developed a raspy voice that could sound frightening. His nephew, Scott Parker Betenson, tells of a time when he and his brother, Mark, were playing at the Parker home in Circleville and where making a lot of noise. Dan told them to be quiet or he would, "grab them by the windpipe and run with them!" Scott was scared to death and said that he would remember that as long as he lives.

Dan worked for a time in the mines west of Milford, Utah, and had a room reserved at the "Horn Silver Hotel," named after the Horn Silver mine in nearby Frisco, Utah. It was while he was staying at this hotel in 1930 that two of his brothers, most likely Eb and Rawlins, brought someone for a visit. According to a recorded interview with Dan's oldest son, Max, that "someone" was Butch Cassidy. Dan's daughter said that the visit did in fact occur and that Maximilian and Dan swore Max's wife to secrecy

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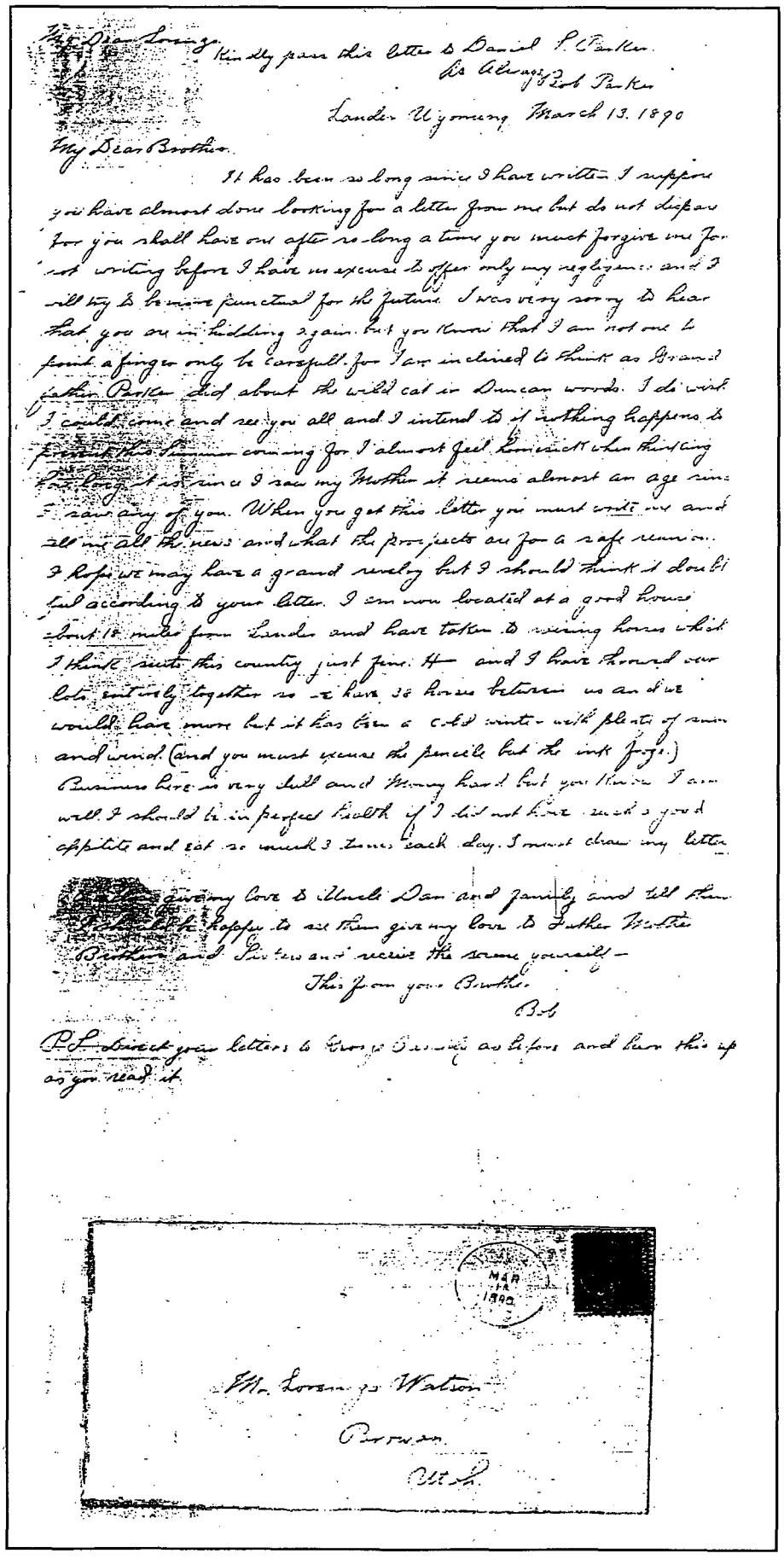
because she was also at the hotel at the time of Butch's visit.

During World War II, in 1942, Dan was employed as a guard at the Yankee Reservoir in Parowan Canyon. While camping there, he became ill with his continuing stomach problems. He was sick for two or three days before he was brought down out of the canyon to his home. After being home for a short time and refusing to go to a doctor, Nan called Dan's two brothers, Eb and Rawlins, in Circleville to come because he was in such poor condition. The men came immediately and took Dan to the hospital in Cedar City. At that point there was not much that could be done for Dan.

On August 5, 1942, at 2:30 PM, after being ill for ten days, Daniel Sinclair Parker passed away at the age of seventy-four, in the Iron County Hospital in Cedar City, from a bleeding ulcer. His obituary stated "digestive disorders." A newspaper reported that "well-known resident of this community for the past thirty-four years died." "Impressive funeral services" were held August 10, 1942, in Parowan, in a Mormon church filled to capacity with many friends and relatives, many from out of state. Dan was buried in the Parowan cemetery with the grave being dedicated by his brother-in-law, Joseph Betenson. His pallbearers were his two brothers, Eb and Rawlins, a son-in-law, and three sons.

Daniel Sinclair Parker left behind many things, the first being his outlaw past. Dan, like his brother, Butch, was a product of his time. Many young people sought excitement in the few areas that were available. Oftentimes their lives ended in tragedy. Dan never obtained the legend status that his brother did. But he did achieve many lasting accomplishments. Dan was fortunate to have a strong family. With the love of that family, he was able to overcome his criminal way and begin a new life.


My Dear Lorenzo Kindly pass this letter to Daniel S. Parker.
As Always Bob Parker
Lander Wyoming March 13. 1890
My Dear Brother.
It has been so long since I have written I suppose you have almost done looking for a letter from me but do not dispare for you shall have one after so long a time you must forgive me for not writing before I have no excuse to offer only my negligence and I will try to be more punctual for the future. I was very sorry to hear that you are in hidding again but you know that I am not one to point a finger only be carefull for I am inclined to think as Grand father Parker did about the wild cat in Duncan woods. I do wish I could come and see you all and I intend to if nothing happens to prevent this Summer coming for I almost feel homesick when thinking how long it is since I saw my Mother it seems almost an age since I saw any of you. When you get this letter you must write me and tell me all the news and what the prospects are for a safe reunion. I hope we may have a grand revelry but I should think it doubtful according to your letter. I am now located at a good house about 18 miles from Lander and have taken to raising horses which I think suits this country just fine. H— and I have throwed our lots entirely together so we have 38 horses between us and we would have more but it has been a cold winter with plenty of snow and wind. (and you must excuse the pencile but the ink froze.) Business here is very dull and Money hard but you know I am well. I should be in perfect health if I did not have such a good appetite and eat so much 3 times each day. I must draw my letter [illegible] give my love to Uncle Dan and family and tell them I should be happy to see them give my love to Father Mother Brothers and Sisters and receive the same yourself—
This from your Brother
Bob
P.S. Direct your letters to George Parker as before and burn this up as you read it.
MAR 13 1890
Mr. Lorenzo Watson
Parowan
Utah

Courtesy of Bill Betenson

The letter written to Dan Parker from Butch, March 13, 1890.

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Gold Camp Prehistoric Ivory

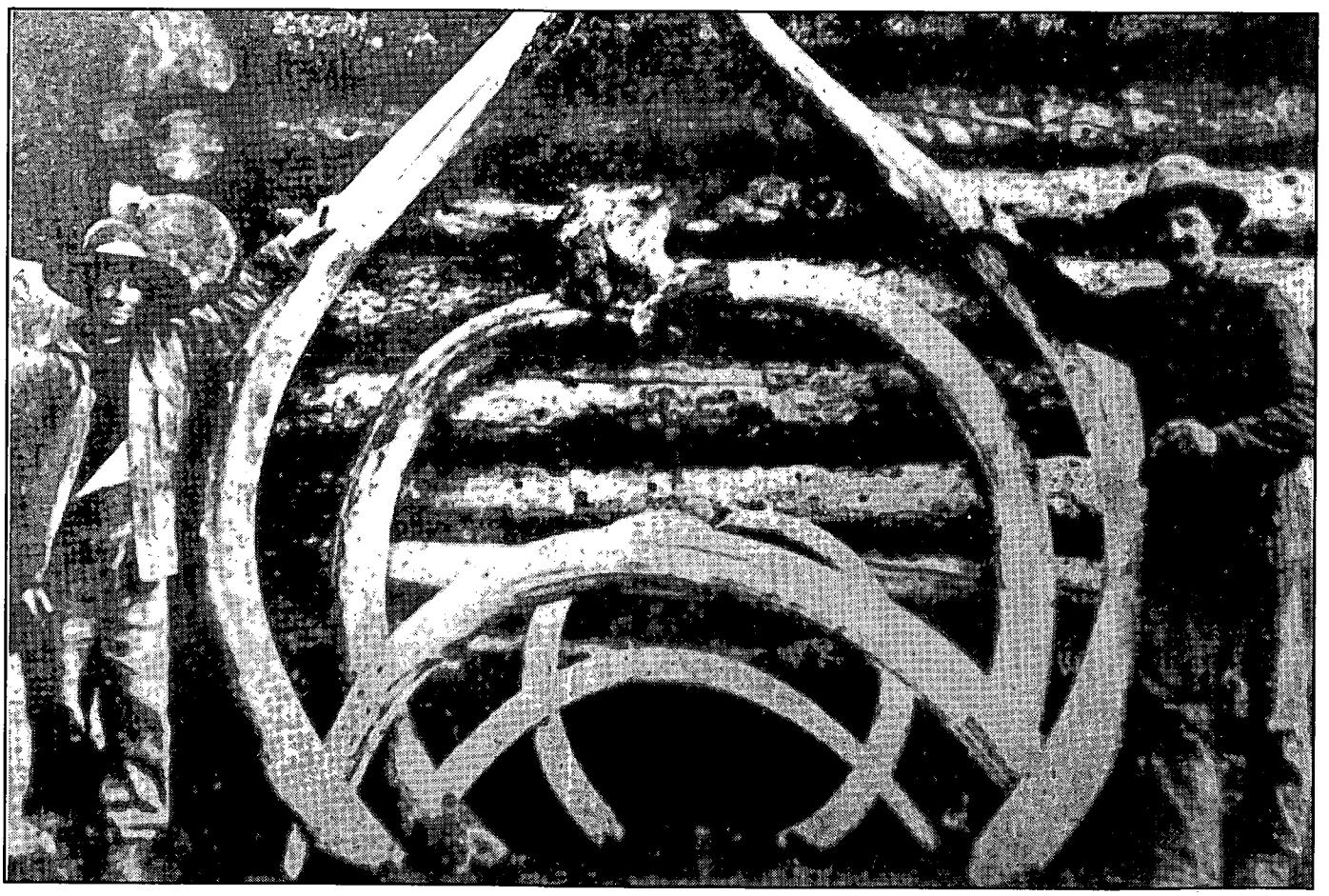
by Charles W. Sasser

Although settlers pushing west during America's early odyssey of expansion sometimes encountered fossilized remains of huge creatures, the likes of which they had never seen, leave it to the Alaskan and Klondike gold miners of the late 1800s to come face to face with the prehistoric past in even more dramatic ways. Great beasts centuries old and beyond man's collective memory thwarted the extraction of North Country gold. Frustrated miners frequently gave up, collected their tools, and went home.

Some 20,000 years before modern man emerged to scrabble the isolated North American continent for precious metals, Ice Age mammals in search of more food migrated east across the so-called Bering Land Bridge from Siberia to present-day Alaska. The Land Bridge, about 1,000 miles wide, once connected the Asian and American continents.

Although glaciers and glacial drift covered two-fifth of Alaska, the remaining three-fifths—the Yukon River drainage basin, the tundra country along the Bering Sea from Bristol Bay to the Arctic Circle, and the entire Arctic slope—were an immense pastureland covered with evergreen forest and summer verdure.

Naturalist Bruce E. Slater describes how it must have been:



Alaska Historical Society

Mammoth tusks and bison skulls recovered by Alaskan Miners, 1897.

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"...Herds of musk ox fed on the mountain sides; and bands of hardy wild horses raced across the Yukon and Siberian plains. Herds of great horned bison grazed contentedly over wide prairies and trailed down from higher fields to slake their thirst at midday in the lowland streams. Lions larger than their African cousins stalked wild horses and camels.....The following list of mammals is given: the mastodon, imperial elephant, mammoth, saber-tooth tiger, large lion, dire wolf, big brown bear, camel, horse, ancient ox and wide-fronted bison...."

Due to natural changes in the environment, most species of these animals vanished before the beginning of man's historic period. Behind them they left their skeletons as proof that they once roamed and hunted here. Mongoloid tribes living along the Arctic ocean shore have gathered fossil ivory for generations as raw material for constructing tools such as needles, awls, and knife handles. Later, they created ivory art for the world market.

In 1816, Russian navigator Otto Von Kotzebue astounded the world with accounts of his discovery of extinct mammal remains at Kotzebue Sound in Alaska.

"An indisputable proof that what we saw was real ice," he wrote, "is the quantity of mammals' tusks and bones which were exposed to view by the melting....We could not assign any reason for a strong smell, like that of burnt horn, which we perceived in this place."

Annoyed gold seekers would later grow well acquainted with such stenches.

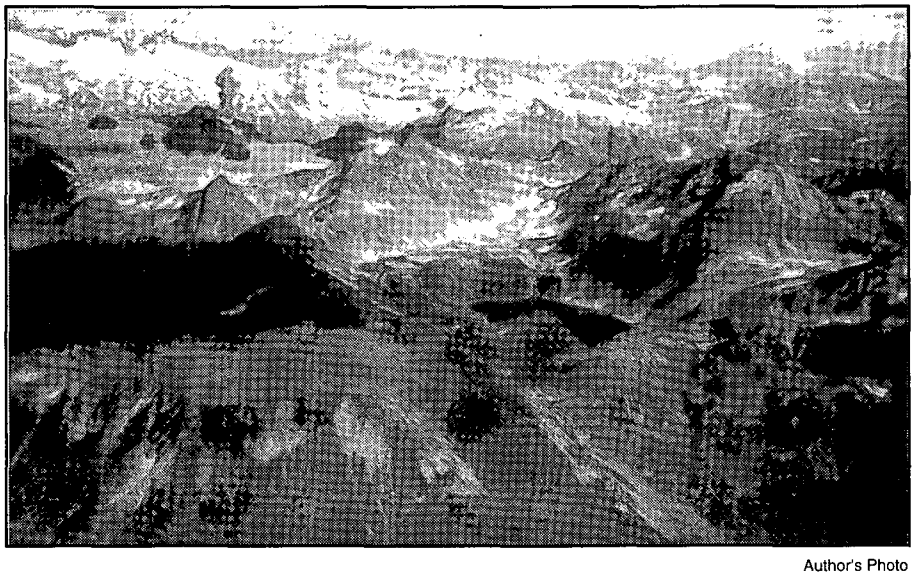
In the 1830s and 1840s, Hudson's Bay voyagers extended trading posts to the descending tributaries of the Yukon River. In 1848, Robert Campbell established Fort Selkirk at the junction of the Pelly and Yukon rivers. It was not far upriver from what later generated the most famous gold fever stampede in history—the Klondike gold rush. Alas-ka was just beginning to show the promise of mineral wealth in 1867 when the United States purchased "Seward's Folly," a land as remote as the moon to most Americans.

Alaska Historical Society

A typical Yukon gold mining operation, 1897.

Depression struck the United States in 1893 and lingered on into the early 1900s. It struck the West Coast and its timber industries especially hard. Thousands of men roamed the countryside looking for "El Dorado" in a land where the frontier had been largely conquered. Historical cause-and-effect drove many of them north to Alaska and the Yukon.

Several major gold deposits were being discovered in Juneau and north into Canada and the land below the Arctic Circle. Towns like Circle and Fortymile River became trading posts and commercial centers for the hundreds of miners beginning to work the Yukon River basin. More prospectors drifting ever north seeking fortunes scattered into isolated pockets along the streams feeding the mighty Yukon. One such group composed of George Carmack, Tagish Charley, and Skookum Jim hit pay dirt in the Yukon Territory on August 16, 1896, near the Klondike River and started the greatest gold rush ever.



Author's Photo

Prehistoric beasts once roamed Alaska's ranges.

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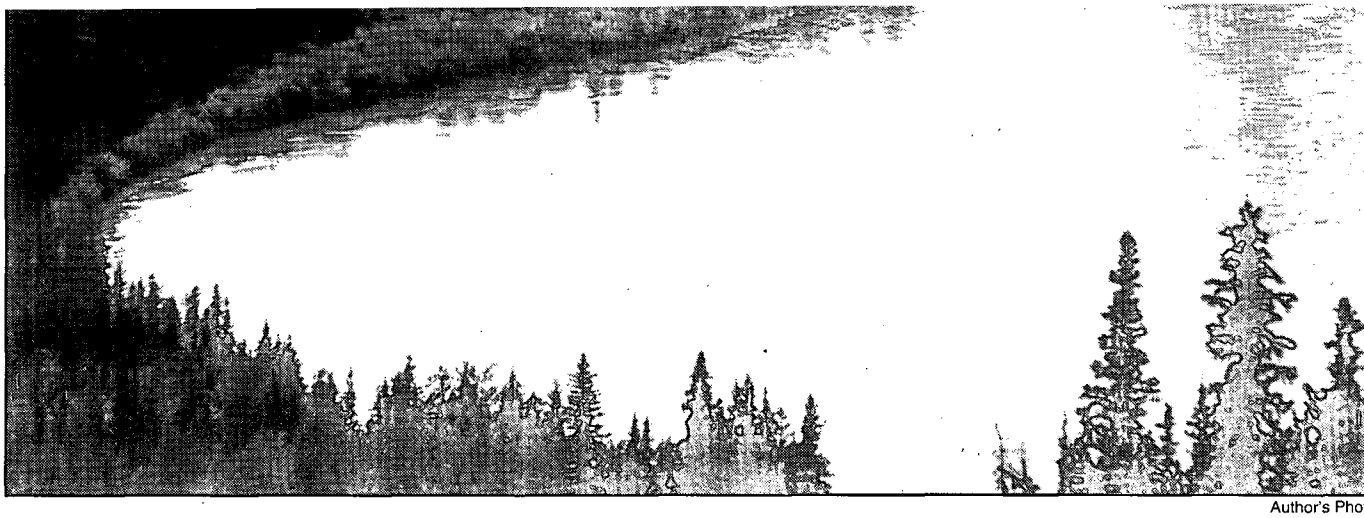


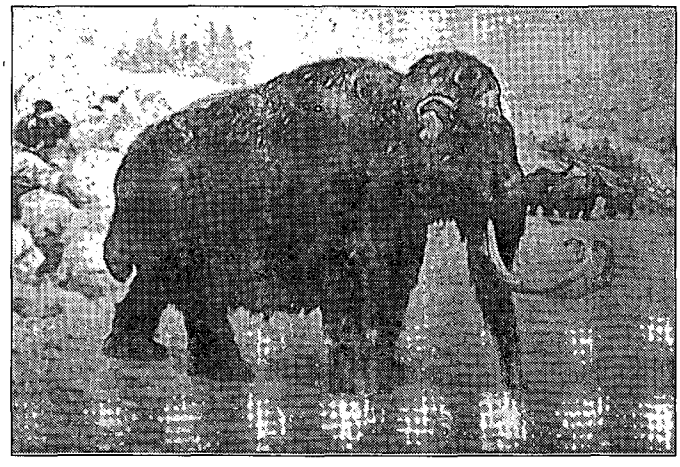
Author's Photo

Bones and ivory were discovered on the Yukon River, a major tributary through gold country.

"Gold! Gold! Gold!" thundered front page headlines from the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* on July 17, 1897.

Plains, mountain sides, and river valleys which once supported massive herds of prehistoric beasts now swarmed with thousands of gold seekers. Miners followed the lure of wealth up the valleys of the Yukon to seek gold creeks around Circle, Fortymile, and Dawson City, sometimes leaving their own bones to mingle with the bones of extinct animals. Long-dead giants of the Pleistocene collided with modern man, hampering his mining activities.

Yukon miners and prospectors were astounded by the bones and tusks found in their underground workings as they sunk shafts to bedrock seeking placer gold and pushed tunnels along the bedrock into frozen muck and gravel beds deposited by ages-old erosion and the force of running water. Although smooth and beautifully symmetric, great mammoth tusks six to ten feet long and weighing 150 to 200 pounds soon ceased to amaze and became instead both a burden and an expense to hard-working prospectors.



Alaska Historical Society

Preserved corpses of the mammoth were recovered in the North Country by miners.

Miners were sometimes forced to thaw or dig out extra tons of gravel and muck in order to rid their shafts and tunnels of unwelcome obstructions. Occasionally, they had to saw or cut ivory into smaller pieces in order to hoist them to the surface of their shafts. A wide-horned bison skull thirty feet deep or more in a small prospecting shaft proved troublesome; a heavy, ten-foot length of mammoth tusk was almost impossible to remove without cutting it into smaller chunks.

Judging from the quantities of prehistoric specimens dumped into slag and refuse piles, Alaska mining claims were veritable cemeteries of ancient bone and ivory. Tired workmen must

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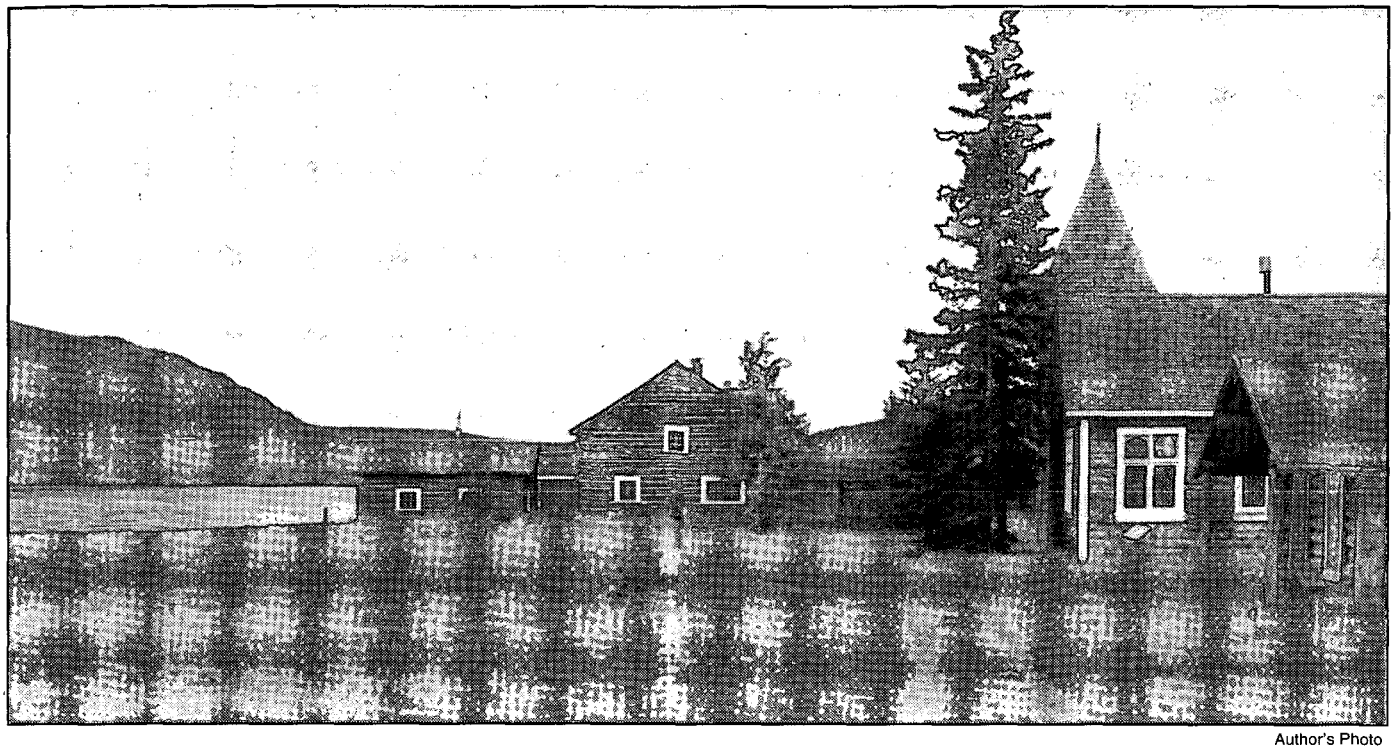

Author's Photo

Fort Selkirk was one of the Hudson's Bay Company's settlements that helped open the Yukon gold rush.

have thought the North Country a giant charnal house for the Pleistocene. Alaskan geological survey bulletins of the late 1800s and early 1900s are filled with references of the extent to which the remains of ancient beasts covered the Alaskan terrain.

"In the gravels (of the Rampart creeks) are many bones of bison, musk ox, mammoth and horse," announced Bulletin 280 of 1906.

Bulletin 449 explained that "Inglutalik River derives its name from the Eskimo word meaning 'river of bones' in reference to the number of mastodon and other bones found in the terrace of gravel along its course."

Bulletin 84 of 1892 added, "Teeth of the elephant, bones of bison antiqus, and especially of the musk ox are not rare on the tundra of the Yukon Valley...."

If early miners and explorers were astounded by the prehistoric bones they discovered, how much more surprised were they to find the carcasses themselves in deep freeze from that long ago Ice Age?

In 1896, Dr. W.H. Dall, the dean of Alaskan naturalists, reported finding a mammoth remains near the mouth of the Naknik River on the north shore of the Alaskan peninsula. He described the carcass as retaining its original form as it washed loose from a thawing bank of ice. Quantities of the beast's fat had fallen to the bottom of the bank. It had the consistency of hard tallow and contained numerous dried muscle fibers. Local natives were using the fat to grease their boats.

Five years later, another well-preserved mammoth body surfaced along the Beresovka River in Siberia. Its hairy covering consisted of a woolly yellow-brown undercoat and an outer, heavier mass of brown and black hair. Apparently, the animal had been feeding when he slipped into a crevice and became wedged. Two of his legs were broken. Snow covered him and he froze to death. His stomach was full and he still had the last bite of browse in his mouth.

Western miners of the gold rushes struggled with, fought, and cursed the continued presence of the creatures from the past who made life hell for them. Yet, ironically enough, occasionally the beasts rose in a kind of unintentional atonement for all the trouble they were causing. "Stink beds" proved the salvation of more than one miner or boatman in the Yukon.

Some North Country river banks contained such masses of prehistoric flesh with odors so pungent that miners dubbed these locations "stink beds." One of these beds on the Koyukuk River, later known as the "Mastodon Bank," threw out such an offensive odor that river pilots guided their boats through perilous channels in the dark by the well-known location of the stench. Other travelers as well were able to guide themselves by scents thrown off by beds at various spots in the Yukon Valley.

"This country is like that," explained one philosophical prospector. "The same thing that will break your back one day will save your life the next. It's a big country; it's still wild. Ancient elephants, saber-tooth tigers and even camels still walk the countryside—if you look for them."

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True West Legends: The Wild Bunch Women

1873 — Fannie Porter is born Fannie Walker in February 1873, to W.S. and Bettie Walker in England. In 1874, she immigrates with her parents and older sister, Betsy, to Dallas, Texas. By 1897, she is a widow and the madam of a popular San Antonio house of prostitution.

August 1875 — Annie Rogers, alias Maude Walker, alias Beulah Phinberg, is born Delia Moore in Texas. She marries Lewis Walker in 1896 but quickly tires of being a farmer's wife. She leaves him by 1899 and finds work in San Antonio as a prostitute with her friend, Fannie Porter.

October 1876 — Laura Bullion is born in Washington County, Arkansas, to Henry and Fereby (Byler) Bullion. She is the oldest of three children when her mother takes them home to Dove Creek, Texas. After her mother's death in 1891, Laura moves on and supports herself as a dance girl and as a prostitute at Fannie Porter's house.

1876 — Lillie Davis is born Callie May Hunt in Saint Louis, Missouri, to Mr. and Mrs. William Hunt. The family moves to Palestine, Texas, where her mother and two of her siblings die. Chafing under her father's strict hand, Lillie runs away and finds a new home working in San Antonio's red light district for Fannie Porter.

1876 — A mystery lady, known as Etta Place, is probably born around 1876. Her first name is actually Ethel, and she is living in Texas when she meets Harry A. Place (Harry Longabaugh, alias the Sundance Kid), a member of the Wild Bunch.

October 1900 — Annie Rogers and Lillie Davis attend the San Antonio Exposition, and there they meet Bill Casey (Will Carver) and Bob Nevilles (Harvey Logan), both outlaw members of the Wild Bunch.

December 1, 1900 — Lillie Davis, using her real name Callie May Hunt, marries Bill Casey (Will Carver) in Fort Worth, Texas, and they honeymoon throughout Colorado with friends Annie Rogers and Harvey Logan. On December 23, Lillie returns home to her father in Palestine, Texas, and never sees Will again. He is killed in Sonora, Texas, on April 2, 1901.

1901-1905 — Ethel probably marries Harry Place (Longabaugh), becoming Mrs. Etta Place. They visit his family in Pennsylvania and then travel to Buffalo, New York, for medical treatment at Dr. Pierce's Invalids Hotel. Arriving in New York City, Ethel and Harry have their picture taken at the DeYoung Photography Studio and purchase a lapel watch at Tiffany's Jewelers. On February 20, 1901, they set sail for South America with Robert Leroy Parker, alias Butch Cassidy. The trio of friends live peacefully on a small ranch in Cholila, Argentina, until the long arm of the law again finds them around 1905. Ethel returns to the United States and is never heard of again.

October 14, 1901 — Annie Rogers is arrested in Nashville, Tennessee, for passing stolen banknotes from a train robbery in Wagner, Montana, in July 1901. She is traveling as Mrs. Bob Nevilles with Harvey Logan, who gives her money from his share of the stolen loot. Annie is eventually acquitted and returns to Kennedale, Texas, from which she disappears.

November 8, 1901 — Laura Bullion and Ben Kilpatrick, traveling as Mr. and Mrs. John Arnold, are arrested in Saint Louis, Missouri, carrying stolen banknotes from the Wagner train holdup. She pleads guilty and is sentenced to five years in the state penitentiary.

BY DONNA B. ERNST

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Laura Bullion

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True West Legends: The Wild Bunch Women

December 4, 1901 — Lillie Davis, going by Callie Casey, is interviewed in Cameron, Texas, by the Pinkerton Detective Agency. She identifies the men in the Fort Worth Five photograph, gives the names of their girlfriends, and details her intimate knowledge of the Wild Bunch activities. She then disappears from the scene.

1905-1961 — Laura Bullion is released early from prison on September 9, 1905, and begins life anew under the alias Freda Arnold. She works as a seamstress in Atlanta, Georgia, and Birmingham, Alabama, while awaiting Ben's release from prison. After Ben is killed during a train robbery near Sanderson, Texas, in 1912, Laura moves to Memphis, Tennessee, where she dies December 2, 1961, as Mrs. Freda Lincoln.

What To Read

Digging Up Butch And Sundance. By Anne Meadows.
(St. Martin's Press, 1994; reprint, University of Nebraska Press, 1996.)
Sundance, My Uncle. By Donna B. Ernst
(The Early West Publications, 1992.)
Etta Place: Her Life and Times with Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid. By Gail Drago.
(Republic of Texas Press, 1996.)
From Cowboy to Outlaw: The True Story of Will Carver. By Donna B. Ernst.
(Sutton County Historical Society, 1996.)
Kid Curry: The Life and Times of Harvey Logan. By Bruce Lamb.
(Johnson Books, 1991.)

Where To Go:

Memorial Park Cemetery in Memphis, Tennessee. Laura's great-niece placed a headstone on her grave which reads: Freda Lincoln—Laura Bullion—The Thorny Rose.

Cholila, Argentina. The ranch house built in the Andes foothills by Sundance and Butch still stands. Ethel made their home quite comfortable for about three years, and it is today a private residence.

Brown's Palace in Denver, Colorado. Today a first-class hotel, this is a beautifully renovated historical site. Four of its first guests were Lillie Davis and Will Carver and their friends, Annie Rogers and Harvey Logan.

San Antonio, Texas. While the old red-light district is forever gone, the city has retained an oldtime feeling along its beautiful river walk and in its market square.

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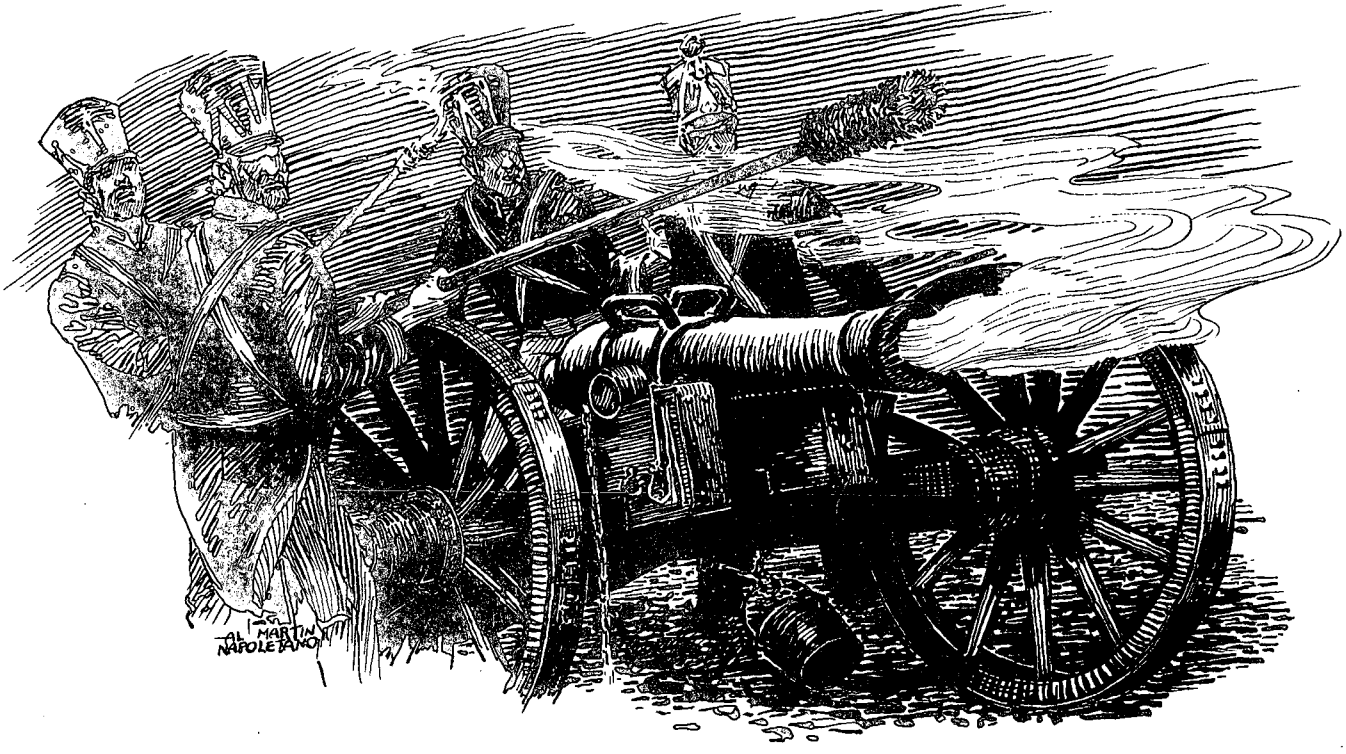
The San Patricio Batalion:

American Deserters in The Mexican-American War

by Floyd B. Largent, Jr.

Lieutenant John Riley was the consummate artillery officer. Experienced, tough, and smart, the former West Point drillmaster was well-respected by his men and set a brilliant example in combat. He'd quickly been marked as officer material by his superiors in the United States Army, an uncommon situation for one who had started as an immigrant field grunt. During the thick of the Mexican War he served his adopted country with zeal, personally rallying his troops, smashing enemy positions with his heavy guns, and refusing to surrender even when annihilation seemed the only alternative. He had little choice: surrender almost certainly meant his execution—at the hands of an American tribunal. For John Riley was a leader of the Batallion de San Patricio, an elite Mexican artillery unit composed largely of American deserters.

Desertion has been a problem for as long as there have been armies, but it reached epic proportions during the Mexican-American War of 1846-1848. This conflict, which erupted after the annexation of Texas in 1845, was a "tumultuous, unpopular campaign" which remained a political sore point throughout its history. The government viewed the war as a valid assertion of its right to acquire territory, in light of Mexican aggression since Texas' annexation; the Mexicans perceived the war as little more than a land-grab. Many of their American contemporaries, even those fighting the war, agreed. One young officer, Lieutenant Ulysses S. Grant, labeled it a "conspiracy to acquire territory out of which slave states might be formed for the



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American Union."

The common soldier was hardly immune to the divisive tendencies plaguing his superiors; he was, if anything, even more susceptible. Service in the army was a trial for the hardiest soul. The provisions were abominable, housing was poor, hygiene was virtually unknown, and there were no medical facilities to speak of. Discipline, where it existed at all, could be outrageously brutal. Minor infractions might earn a soldier a severe flogging, or several hours bound and gagged, or spreadeagled half-naked in the hot sun.

Exacerbating matters was the fact that most of the regular troops were unskilled workers, unable to find jobs elsewhere, who'd been unwillingly drafted into service.

Furthermore, almost half of Taylor's initial American force was composed of immigrants, often Irish and German Catholics, who had little historic allegiance to the United States in any case. Many were finding life in the contemporary atmosphere of anti-emigrant, anti-Catholic bigotry intolerable. And yet here they were, fighting their Catholic brethren on what seemed to many a purely political mission.

Brigadier General Zachary Taylor's Army of Observation arrived on the Mexican border opposite Matamoros in mid-March 1846. It was inevitable by then that the two nations would clash, though neither had yet declared war. Taylor had been inching toward Matamoros since late the previous summer; the Mexican army was waiting patiently on the opposite side of the Rio Grande when he arrived. Its leaders, Major Generals Pedro de Ampudia and Mariano Arista, proved to be masters of propaganda. The Americans found themselves treated daily to offers of free trips to Mexico City, citizenship, and a homestead for anyone who would desert to join the Mexican cause. Defecting privates were offered 320 acres, with the prize increasing significantly for higher-ranking turncoats. The Americans were showered with leaflets entreating them to abandon their imperialistic activities and "exposing" an American Masonic conspiracy to "eradicate Catholicism from the New World." Ampudia and Arista predicted that 1,500 Frenchmen and Irishmen would defect, and firmly expected the entire Seventh Infantry, composed primarily of Irish and Germans, to desert en masse.

Although the Mexicans were somewhat over-optimistic in their estimates, Taylor's troops began to desert with disheartening regularity. At least 260 and perhaps as many as 500 men heeded Mexican propoganda and deserted; thousands more followed later in the war. It seems likely that what swayed them more than the printed leaflets were the morning religious rituals featuring priests in full panoply, followed in the evening by scores of well-dressed young Mexicanas strolling and dancing along the riverside in full view of the American invaders. Certainly it did the soldiers' resolve little good for them to watch the local women bathe nude in the river, a common custom in a region where most homes lacked private baths.

Among the first American soldiers to seek his fate with the Mexicans was Sergeant John Riley. Defection was nothing new to the reckless Irishman; he'd arrived in Canada as a soldier in the British Army, only to slip across the border into Michigan in 1843. In 1845 he joined the army at Fort Mackinac. His abilities led him to rise quickly through the ranks. After brief stints as a recruiter in New York and a drillmaster at West Point, Sergeant Riley arrived in Texas with the Fifth Infantry, ready to fight the Mexicans. He was in line for a field commission to the rank of lieutenant when, after an argument with a superior in early April 1846, he requested that he be allowed to attend Mass. What he didn't tell the officer was that he intended to do so in Matamoros.

Much to their dismay, Riley and his fellow deserters were immediately rounded up and put to work in the Mexican army; promises of land, citizenship, and Mexico City were forgotten in the preparation for battle. On April 23, Mexico at last declared war and Taylor's troops began to advance on Matamoros shortly thereafter. Initially, the American deserters were deployed wherever the Mexicans needed them, often serving as reinforcements and replacements for native Mexican forces.

Old Rough and Ready Taylor pushed south toward Monterrey, and on occasion the deserters found themselves facing their former countrymen in battle. Many served at Monterrey in the three-day siege prior to that city's fall in September, although they were not then considered a cohesive unit. By November, however, the deserters were concentrated in a single battalion; the Mexicans had decided they most needed an artillery unit, and the Americans deserters were tapped for the duty. They were organized into three companies of artillery with an attached unit of sappers, with fourteen heavy guns as their armament. The first record of the new unit was a pay voucher dated November 1846 which referred to them as "the artillery company formed from the deserters from the invading army." Although Riley (now a lieutenant) was instrumental in forming the battalion, command was vested in a Mexican officer, Major Francisco Rosendo Moreno.

Known officially as the Legion of Foreigners, the deserters soon acquired a name more to their liking: the Batallion de San Patricio, or St. Patrick's Battalion, after Ireland's patron saint. Though the sons of Erin made up a significant proportion of the group, by no means were the San Patricios solidly Irish: many had been born in England, France, Germany, Poland, and other nations. Some of the San Patricios were foreigners living in Mexico when the war began, and some had been Mexican citizens before the war. A few weren't even Catholic. William Channing, a Unitarian minister, had made his loyalties clear

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Brigadier General Zachary Taylor's Army of Observation arrived on the Mexican border opposite Matamoros in mid-March 1846.

when he declared early in the conflict: "If I should enlist in the damnable war to extend slavery, it would be under the Mexican banner." The unit's actual battle-flag was a unique one, probably of Riley's design. On one side was emblazoned a figure of St. Patrick, with an associated harp and shamrock; the other side bore the Mexican national coat-of-arms.

The group was attached to General Francisco Mejiá's Vanguard Brigade, and first saw action at Buena Vista, on February 22-23, 1847. There they spearheaded one of several Mexican advances, losing twenty-three men in the process. The Mexicans were defeated, but the San Patricios effectively demonstrated their fighting ability when they shattered the resolve of the American First Dragoons with their eighteen and twenty-four-pound guns, before turning their attention to Lieutenant John O'Brien's Fourth Artillery. When they withdrew after the battle, they took with them two of O'Brien's bronze six-pounders. Riley was cited for bravery during the course of the battle.

Stiff Mexican resistance managed to stalemate Taylor's invasion force in early 1847, resulting in an American attack on a second front. In March "Old Fuss and Feathers" himself, General Winfield Scott, led 10,000 troops to a beachhead at Vera Cruz, determined to march overland to the capital. When Scott's threat loomed, the San Patricio Battalion was attached to General Antonio de Santa Anna's command and accompanied the generalissimo as he withdrew south toward Mexico City.

After a stinging Mexican defeat at the "impregnable" village of Cerro Gordo, a battle in which the San Patricios may have participated, the war stalled for much of the summer of 1847. Scott lingered in Puebla, just seventy-five miles from Mexico City, rebuilding forces lost through combat and attrition.

Meanwhile, the San Patricios arrived in Mexico City, where they spent the summer escorting foreign noncombatants to safe areas in preparation for the coming battle. In early August General Scott put his replenished 11,000-man army into motion once again. In response, the San Patricios were sent to give Scott's troops a warm reception at a rocky hellhole called Contreras.

On August 19, the San Patricios and their compatriots blasted Scott's troops with a withering fire as they attempted to cross an expanse of frozen lava known as the *pedregal.* The Americans fell back, unable to find an easy way across the tortured landscape. However, the next morning Scott used his engineer corps to good advantage. Screened by howitzer fire, a young Robert E. Lee and his colleagues scouted out trails through the lava fields which subsequently allowed the Americans to

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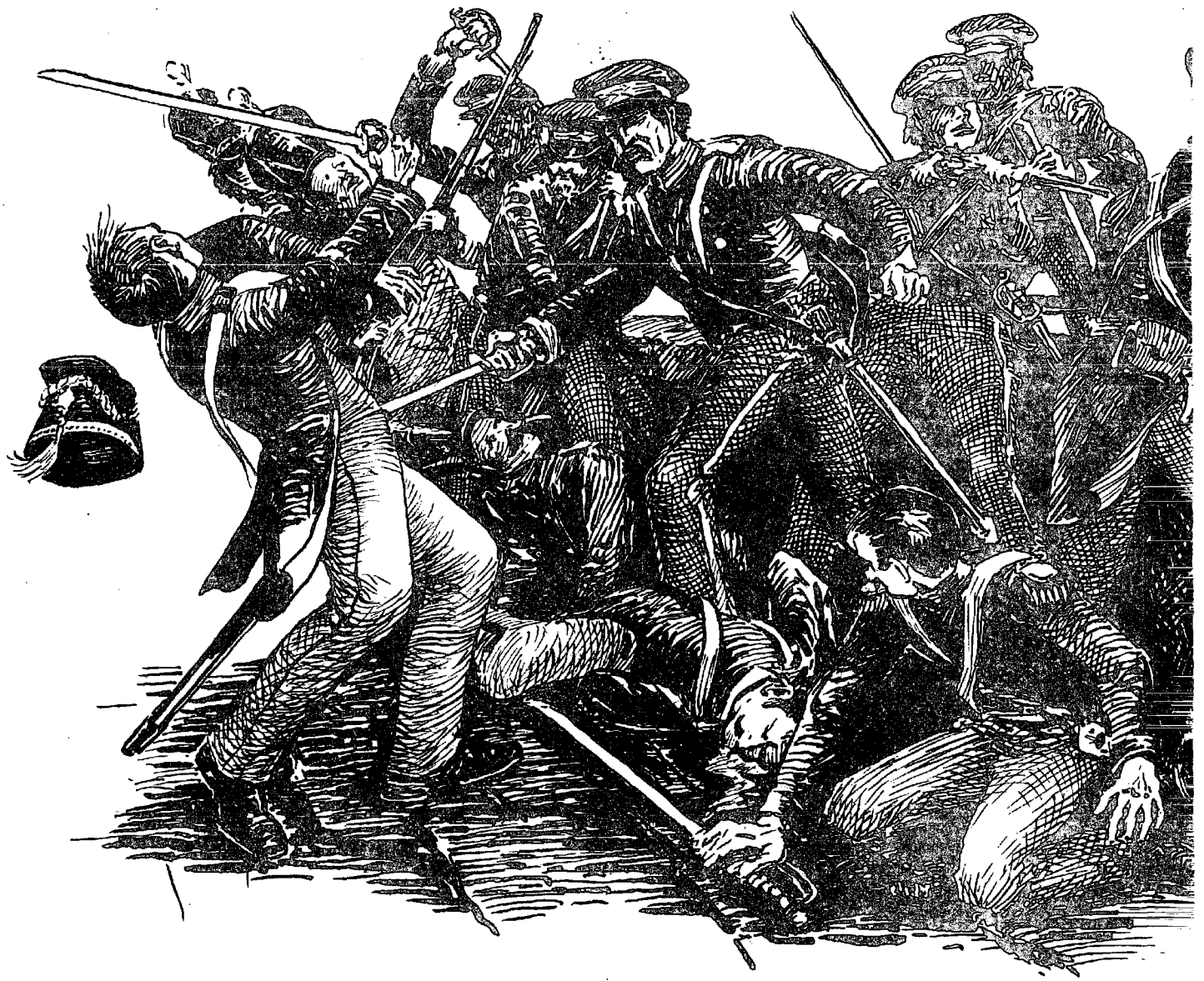
overwhelm the Mexican positions. During the pitched battle which followed, Captain Simon Drum was able to wrest Lieutenant O'Brien's bronze cannon back from Riley.

Although they had, as with Cerro Gordo, started the battle from a naturally-fortified high ground with sufficient troops and resources, the Mexicans were again dealt a resounding defeat.

The Americans suffered fewer than 100 casualties, but the Mexicans lost more than 500 men, with 800 others taken prisoner. The surviving San Patricios fell back to nearby Churubusco, where they would face a desperate last stand against their former comrades-in-arms.

Churubusco was the former site of a temple to the Aztec war-god Huitzilopochtli; the Spanish, and later the Mexicans, had made it a place of their own God. After the fiasco at Contreras, the surviving 260 San Patricios were ordered to occupy an old convent on the south bank of the Churubusco River. The seventeenth-century Franciscan edifice has been described as "a natural fortress:" the walls were high and thick, and in typical Spanish colonial style the convent included parapetted walls, breastworks, and outer bastions. The Mexicans furnished it with seven guns and 1,500-1,800 men, including the San Patricios. Three hundred yards east was a fortified bridgehead, or *tete-de-pont.* This position was surrounded by a moat, ditches, and dikes, all of

Led by the accurate fire of the San Patricios, the Mexicans smashed back repeated charges, but eventually Scott's men were able to secure the bridgehead.



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which was masked by a field of corn. There the Mexicans placed three guns, manned by the San Patricio and Tlapa battalions. The San Patricios, the Tlapas, and the First Light Infantry, all under the command of veteran General Manuel Rincón, were given the daunting task of prohibiting an American crossing of the river at the bridgehead.

As Scott's troops began their assault upon the heavily-fortified Churubusco positions, Rincón ordered his troops to hold their fire until the enemy was well within musket range. At his signal, the Mexicans poured their fire down upon the poorly-protected attackers, sending the American line staggering back. Meanwhile, the San Patricios pounded Scott's army, taking particular pleasure in firing upon their former officers.

Scott concentrated his efforts thereafter upon the convent, but the *tete-de-pont* wasn't forgotten. Led by the accurate fire of the San Patricios, the Mexicans smashed back repeated charges, but eventually Scott's men were able to secure the bridgehead. The Americans began pounding assiduously at the convent where the San Patricios and their colleagues were ensconced, using their own captured artillery to enfilade their position. The Mexican troops were able to hold out for three hours; then artillery rounds breached the walls, and their ammunition began to run dry. Soon the Americans began pouring through the holes in the convent's walls.

General Rincón accepted the obvious, and ordered his troops to surrender, but at that the San Patricios mutinied. Three times the Mexicans attempted to raise the white flag; thrice the San Patricios tore it down and fought on, killing one of the Mexican standard-bearers in the process. They continued fighting even when the Americans began to infiltrate the castle, and the rest of the Mexican forces had capitulated. It was left to an appalled cavalry captain, James M. Smith, to run up his own handkerchief in order to stop the bloodshed. By then, only eighty-five San Patricios remained of the 260 who had started the fight at Churubusco. The others were dead, or fled. The seventy-two San Patricios who were American deserters were taken into special custody and prepared for courts-martial.

The battle was disastrous for the Mexicans. They suffered nearly 4,300 known casualties, with 3,000 others missing. The Americans lost just 137 men, with 877 wounded. And now the United States army was only three miles from Mexico City. A brief armistice was struck after Churubusco, and attempts were made to settle the conflict diplomatically. To his credit, Santa Anna attempted to negotiate the release of his hard-fighting San Patricios, but that point was one of several deal-breakers which led to new fighting at Molino del Rey on September 8.

The United States army used the armistice to deal with the deserters. They were tried in two lots on August 28; one group of twenty-nine men was court-martialed in the Mexico City suburb of Tacubaya under the authority of Brevet Colonel John Garland, while the others were tried at nearby San Angel by Brevet Colonel Bennet Riley. In both cases, the courts-martial were conducted with painstaking military correctness under the watchful eye of General Scott. Only four men pleaded guilty; Riley and the others claimed that they'd been forced to serve in the Mexican Army. This argument failed to impress the court, which was fully aware of the gusto with which the San Patricios had fought for the Mexican cause.

All twenty-nine at Tacubaya were sentenced to death by hanging; at San Angel, thirty-eight were sentenced to hang, two to be shot, and three to be flogged and branded. One man was adjudged to be "a perfect simpleton" who wasn't responsible for his actions, and was discharged with forfeiture of pay. Another man escaped on a technicality: his signature was never obtained on his enlistment papers, so officially he wasn't in the army at all when he deserted.

General Scott reviewed each of the other cases, and extended mercy to some. Five doomed men had their sentences commuted: four had obviously been forced into Mexican service, while another received leniency because of his son's distinguished service on the American side at Churubusco. Twelve others had their sentences reduced to flogging and branding; all twelve had deserted before the war had officially begun. Ironically, John Riley was among them.

On September 10, each of the twelve was bound to a post and

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lashed fifty times by a muleteer; then each had a two-inch high "D" branded on his right cheek, just below the eye. Riley's was applied upside down the first time, so he had to face the searing iron twice. He and his fellow brandees then had their heads shaved and the buttons ripped from their uniform coats, and were placed in heavy iron yokes. They served at hard labor for the remainder of the conflict.

The rest of the deserters were hanged. Sixteen died at San Angel on September 10, and four more the next day at nearby Mixcoac. The remaining thirty were executed in a particularly theatrical manner by Colonel William Harney. During the final assault on Mexico City on September 13, they were brought to a hill with a clear view of defending Chapultepec Castle, three miles away. They were then forced to stand at a makeshift gallows in their Mexican uniforms, with the nooses looped about their necks. There they remained for hours as the battle raged.

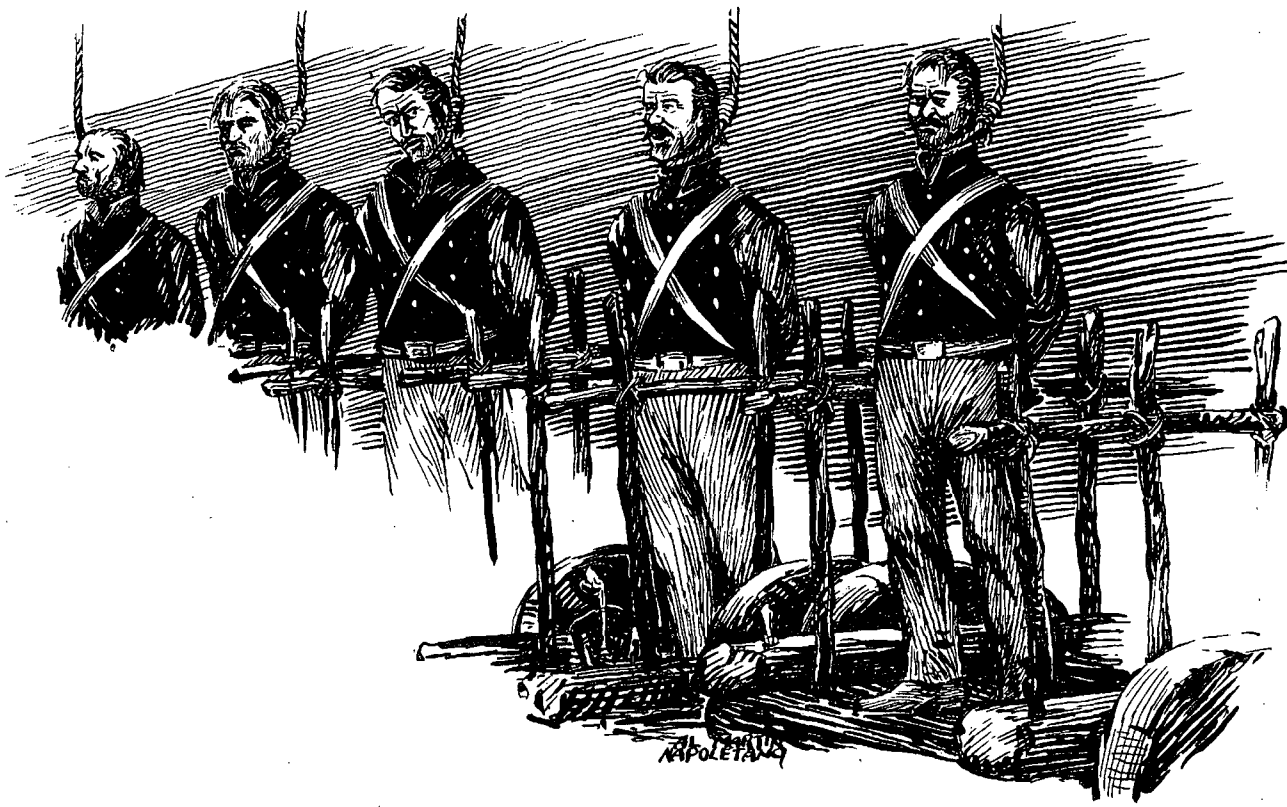
When Chapultepec fell at 9:30 AM and the American flag was raised above Mexico City, Harney gave the signal for the traps to be sprung. The San Patricios cheered the American victory as they were "launched into eternity."

In December, the few San Patricios who'd escaped Churubusco were joined by fresh recruits and new deserters, and reformed their unit at Queretaro, north of Mexico City. The revivified battalion consisted of approximately 160 men, divided into two companies. However, the war ended before they could participate in any further action. In June, they were rejoined by an unrepentant John Riley, who'd been drummed out of the United States army when Scott relinquished the Mexican capital. Riley took command of one company and eventually rose to the rank of colonel. But by 1849, the unit had become involved in a military revolt, and was unceremoniously disbanded.

So passed the hard-fighting San Patricio Battalion, brought low not by war, but by politics. By American standards, the San Patricios were traitors. For those Mexicans who remember them, they were heroes who fought to preserve them from Yanqui aggression. Little in history is clear-cut, and this is a prime example. A century and a half of hindsight suggests that both views are correct, depending upon which side of the border one stands.

All that remains of the San Patricios is a singular monument in San Angel's Villa Obregon Park. It effectively symbolizes the bitter irony of the San Patricios' choice: they attempted to gamble with fate, and many paid the ultimate price for their betrayal. The monument consists of a Catholic cross inscribed with a gamecock, a pair of dice, and a skull-and-crossbones.

They were then forced to stand at a makeshift gallows in their Mexican uniforms, with the nooses looped about their necks.



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PETE KITCHEN: SCOURGE OF THE APACHES

by Peter Hildebrandt

He was one of the last settlers hanging on in Apache country after the 1861 troop withdrawal. A neighbor claimed that more men lost their lives in this section between Potrero and Magdalena than in all the rest of Arizona Territory.

"So many men lost their lives between these two points that if their bodies laid side by side like railroad ties they'd make a track from Nogales to Potrero."

In the bloodiest times of Indian warfare Pete Kitchen's name was a household word among settlers. To Apaches he was "more terrible than an army with banners."

His hacienda commanded a view of the valley in all directions, sitting on a rocky summit. Kitchen formed the link between civilization and savagery on the Arizona frontier. He arrived in the territory in 1854, farming the rich bottom land at the junction of the Santa Cruz and Potrero creeks. The flat roof of Pete's adobe home had a four-foot-high parapet encircling it. A sentinel stayed on duty at all times to thwart attack.

Whenever Apaches crept up through the eastern canyon, a guard would fire his rifle. The crack brought Mexican and native workers up from the fields below. While the workers gathered hastily in the house, Pete, or his wife, Dona Rosa, grabbed rifles from corners and wall racks to lay out. This state of constant vigilance never allowed Apaches a chance at scaling the hill surrounding Pete's house.

Kitchen claimed he couldn't have defended his place without Dona Rosa. If he wasn't around when the alarm sounded, Dona Rosa wrapped her skirts around her legs like pants, shouldered her rifle right along with the workers who farmed and fought off the Apaches.

Arizona Historical Society/Tucson

Pete Kitchen, circa 1883.

One day his adopted son of twelve went with the Mexican farmers who worked the fields below. After awhile he felt sleepy and went over to a hay pile and dozed off. Apaches surprised the men. They ran for the ranch forgetting the boy. The boy awoke as the Indians came upon him. It was said he made the sign of the cross just before they opened fire on him.

Time after time the Apaches struck. They shot his pigs full of arrows and drove off neighbors, but still Pete Kitchen survived. His name became a bad omen to the Apaches. Finally, they simply avoided his place altogether.

Kitchen's courage and alertness stood as legendary in the region. On the trail Apaches could never ambush him. His experience taught him wariness in interpreting Apache signs and greater caution still, when no signs were around. He never traveled the same trail twice.

One night one of his men told him he didn't think things felt quite right, so Pete took his wife down to the dugout just below his ranch house to keep watch. He sat low inside, watching below into the gloomy blackness hour after hour. When a cloud passed from the sky he saw something move, illuminated by the light. After firing he heard an awful cry.

In the morning no body lay below. He thought he saw a trace of something dragged off. With a rod he probed an area in a nearby field where the ground looked disturbed. Deeper in the ground he found an Apache man.

Pete Kitchen's offbeat sense of

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humor came through in unexpected moments. Once as he rode along a cactus and mesquite-lined trail he had his double-barreled shotgun across his saddlebow. He noticed stirring in the bushes just ahead and went on, positioning his rifle. At a large bush came a command:

"Throw up your hands!"

"Throw yours up."

After the man threw down his revolver, came the plea:

"Don't shoot, Pete. I wasn't going to kill you, only rob you."

"Exactly what I was gonna do to you. Now pay up!"

When the man coughed up thirty-five cents, Pete tossed him fifty cents and a warning:

"Clear out. Never let me catch you around here again."

Another time Pete Kitchen set off on the fresh trail of three Sonoran bandits who took several of his favorite horses. He tracked the men for days, even crossing the border. According to one account he killed one, another fled, and the third he captured along with his own prized horses.

Across the Arizona line he made camp and collapsed in exhaustion. Before dozing off he tied his prisoner hand and foot, leaving a rope around his neck—the other end tied to a tree limb while the man remained on horseback.

Whenever Kitchen retold this story, it's said at this point the listener got a finger to the ribs along with a chuckled:

"You know while I was asleep that damned horse walked off leaving that fellow hanging there."

Out in front of his ranch house Pete had his own private "boothill" where the railroad later laid down tracks. Outlaws he shot and killed lay there and Dona Rosa followed her Catholic traditions, burning candles at the graves of these badmen. Two of the men buried were bandits he had hung.

Once a man named John MacArthur, youngest in the MacArthur family, lived for a time on the Kitchen ranch. The MacArthurs built the Suez Canal, Chicago Drainage Canal, and other large projects.

Young John tried getting his brothers to buy shares in the Pajarita Mining Company. The brothers came out for a visit too, enjoying the rugged outdoor life, hunting wild turkey in the mountains.

Word got to the brothers one day that John now had some of Pete's skill with a rifle. The brothers placed a little rock on a watermelon, challenging John to shoot it off. None could hit it.

"I'll show you how to shoot," said the oldest MacArthur brother, grabbing his .32.

All along Pete had stood behind in the distance watching. Just before the man fired, Kitchen shot his own rifle and as the man fired he fired, shattering the stone. The stunned MacArthur brother quickly gained his composure.

"There. That's the way to do it," he said.

Along with his wife, Kitchen's family at the hacienda also included eight of his wife's nieces, girls he treated as his own. He showered them with gifts of candy and toys when he returned from trips to Tucson. The door to his home always stood open to travelers and friends. He welcomed them to stay as long as they wished, as many times as they wished.

"The traveler was made to feel perfectly at ease," said writer John G. Bourke. "If food were not already on the fire, women prepared more savory spicy Mexican stews, kneaded dough patties, shaping them into paper-like tortillas with which to eat juicy frijoles or dip up chile Colorado. There were women carding, spinning, sewing, or doing 1,001 duties of domestic life in a great ranch having its own blacksmith, saddler, wagon-maker and all other officials needed to keep the machinery running smoothly."

Good Mexican workmen along with a band of Opatas found employment farming and fighting Apaches. The Kitchen place stood completely self-sufficient, able to distribute anything needed by the workers or passers-by in dire straits.

Rich bottom land supported grain, cabbages, potatoes, and bushels of fruit and melons. The Kitchens also raised cattle and a few hundred hogs. Pete's specialty hams fed settlers from Silver City, New Mexico, to Nogales, Arizona, until railroads invaded the territory, An estimate of his cash income for the year 1872, according to one newspaper account, was close to $10,000.

Progress in the form of the iron horse abruptly ended Kitchen's prosperity, Competition from goods now much more accessible caused him to sell his ranch. He made a fairly good profit on the place and then moved to Tucson. In this town he spent the rest of his life, as well as his fortune, spending generously and at times rather frivolously.

If an actress impressed him at the theater, he would toss silver dollars at her feet. He was no stranger at the card table or the roulette wheel, reveling in the thrill of gambling.

At his life's end Pete Kitchen had little left but his unblemished reputation among scores of friends and admirers. Even the MacArthur brothers, for all their influence, wealth, and power, always spoke of the force and character of Pete Kitchen.

Once an old friend of Pete's named Rockfellow visited Kitchen's old neighborhood long after the man passed away. He found none who had any recollection of the Arizona pioneer.

Finally he came upon an old Mexican who used to live on the Kitchen place. The name of Pete Kitchen brought a softening to the hard old face and a warm flash of remembrance,

"*O, Don Pedro...Muy valiente! Muy bueno con rifle.*"

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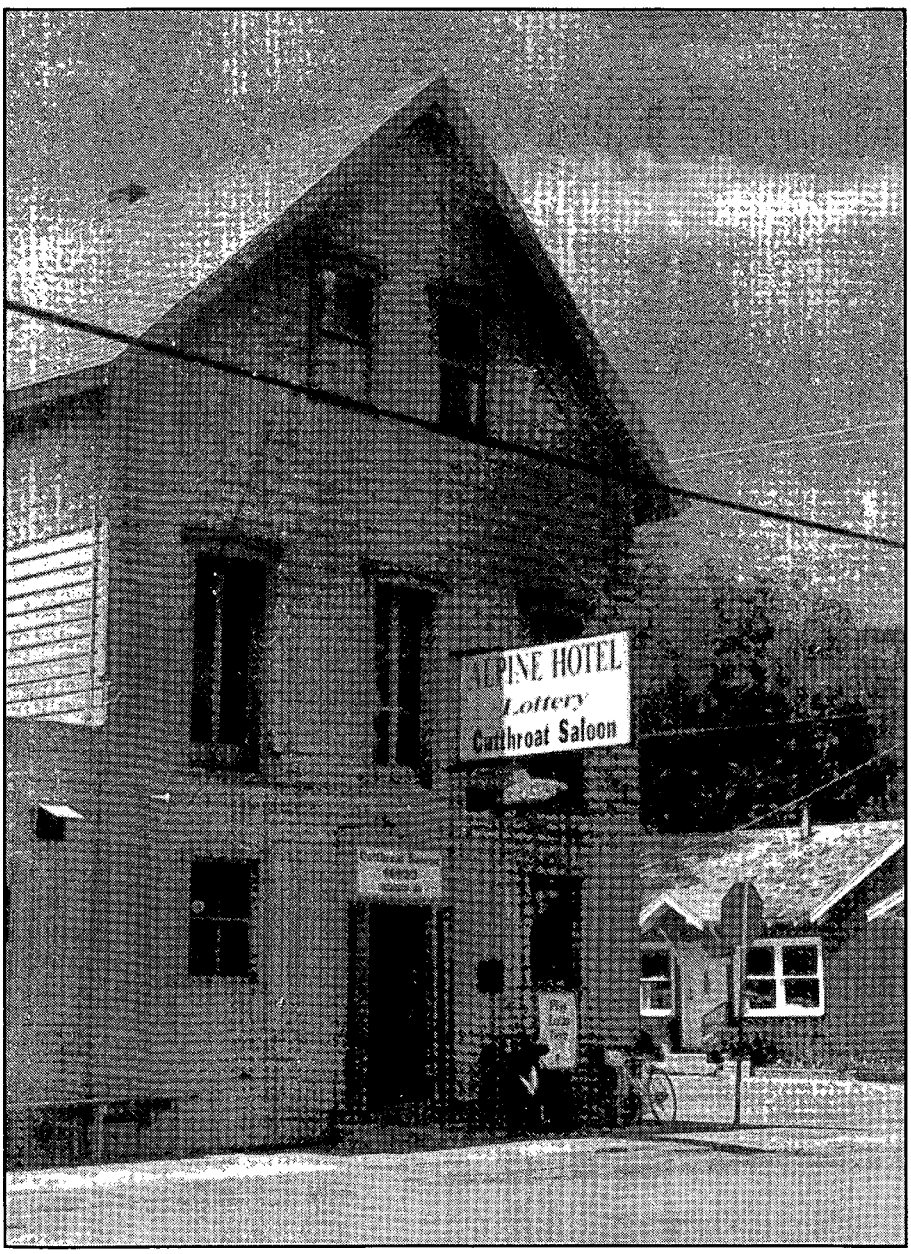
DREAMING IN THE MOUNTAINS

by Richard Ferber

Next to the door of the Cutthroat Saloon in Markleeville, California, are several signs that proclaim: "California Lottery Here." These signs are seen everywhere in the state, of course, but here they have a special meaning, a certain poignancy. There is still hope, they seem to say. Once you could make a million dollars right here, and you still can. The odds were always against you, and in the case of the lottery the odds are astronomical: fifteen to eighteen million to one. But in Alpine County nobody ever seemed to care about odds. In Alpine County, the dream was always the thing.



Naomi Brazier Gilgert

The Alpine Hotel, Markleeville, California.

Perhaps it's the thin air. The lowest point in the county is over 5,000 feet and the highest over 11,000. Or perhaps it's the location. Nevada is just down the road. Hope thrives in Nevada as nowhere else in the world. Like sagebrush and thistle, it grows best in poor soil. And like hay fever, it nags and inflames and travels on the wind.

Ole Nelson came into Alpine County sometime during the summer of 1858. He was born Ungkarl Ole Nielssen Utqvitne in 1834 on a small farm near Bullken, Norway, and he might have stayed there forever, except for two fateful circumstances: primogeniture was the custom of the land and he was not the firstborn; and he had heard there were still fortunes to be made in the California gold fields. At twenty-three he set sail for America.

Being poor, Ole traveled the only way he could, in a sort of economy class. He worked off part of his passage across the Atlantic as an apprentice sailmaker. When the ship reached Panama he traversed the Isthmus on the cheap—by foot instead of mule back. On the steamer up the Pacific Coast, he slept out on the deck. And for all that, his information about the wonders of California turned out to be

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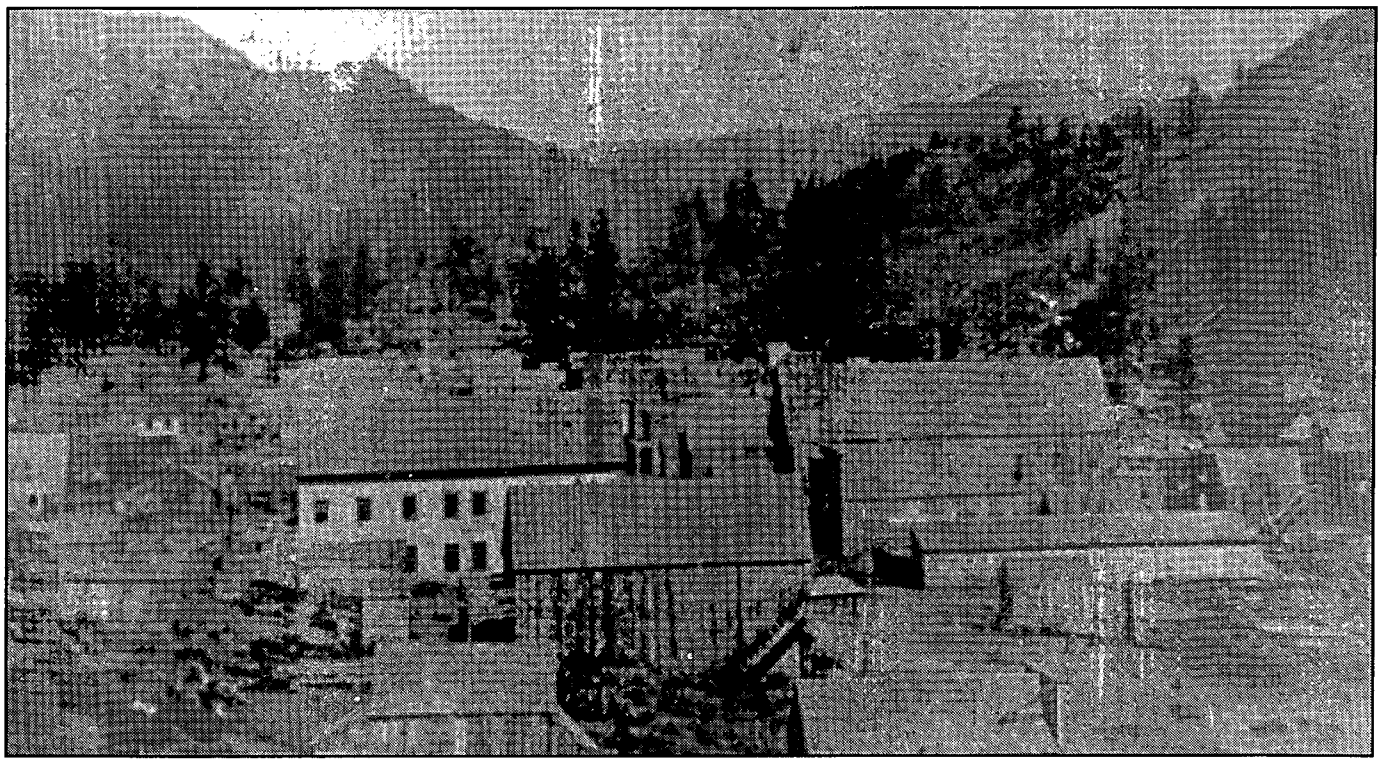

Alpine County Museum: Price Collection

Silver Mountain City, 1867.

incorrect. The goldfields were about played out, and San Francisco—a wretched place in a beautiful setting—was suffering a depression. Jobs were scarce, and for a Norwegian who could barely speak English, they were practically nonexistent.

Käre Gud, what now? To Ole the answer must have seemed obvious. Coming across the Atlantic, he had learned how to sew, hadn't he? Why not take advantage of his newly acquired experience? He used what little money he had left to rent a storefront and, overnight, became a tailor.

It didn't turn out to be quite that easy, of course. For one thing, clothes were not exactly sails and, for another, he had failed to reckon with a competitor who had already made a name for himself in men's rough wear—Levi Strauss. Still, he might have kept at it—as it turned out, he was a man who kept at things—except for something that happened on the far side of the Sierras. A great silver discovery had been made on the slopes of Mount Davidson in Nevada—the Comstock Lode.

In 1856, the crowd heading for the Comstock looked, to one observer, like "...a giant snake dragging its slow length along as far as the eye could reach. In the course of the day's tramp, we passed parties of every description and color: Irishmen wheeling their blankets, provisions and mining implements on wheelbarrows; American, French and German foot-passengers leading heavily laden horses, or carrying their packs on their backs, and their picks and shovels slung over their shoulders; Mexicans driving long trains of pack-mules, and swearing fearfully, as usual, to keep them in order...in short, every imaginable class, and every possible species of industry was represented in this moving pageant."

For Ole, the simple farm boy from Bullken, Norway, the Comstock must have seemed a wildly exciting place. Thousands of miners had gone broke in the Mother Lode and now here they were, crawling all over Mount Davidson, picking and prodding, turning over every stone, looking for color and one more chance. Like a straggling army, they had pitched their tents wherever they could find a space, and the tentless had taken shelter under every bush. At night hundreds of fires flickered, and the air was filled with aromatic smoke and daydreams of the riches that would be found on the morrow and what those riches would bring, the old standbys: wine, women, and a hot bath.

It was all wonderful stuff, and it all went away in the cold dawn. The fact was that Ole was far out of his depth. And like most of the other hopefuls there, he was too late besides. Men had been digging gold in the vicinity for several years, and the moment silver was discovered they staked out all the best ground.

What was left, out on the flanks of the great lode, would still produce fortunes, but you had to know what you were doing, what you were looking for. Ole didn't. To him, the ground all looked the same, dull brown, pebbly stuff, only now and then relieved by a scrubby juniper or pinion pine, and entirely devoid of any telltale glitter. And even if he had gotten lucky and stumbled onto something, he couldn't have held on to it for more than a day or two; he was too green, and there were

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slickers around. The laws of mining camps, especially in their formative years, approximated those of the jungle.

Nor was the job situation any more promising. What few jobs there were had already been earmarked for the elite corps of hard-rock mining, the Cornishmen. So there he was, an ex-farm boy, ex-tailor, stuck in the Nevada outback, three hundred miles from San Francisco, out of luck and out of work. The only bright side was a large contingent of Scandinavians. He had made a few friends among them (it must have been comforting to be able to talk to somebody without enduring remarks about his "Scandihoovian" accent), and from them he got a piece of news that lifted his spirits again. Signs of gold and silver were beginning to show up on a fork of the Carson River, along the eastern slope of the Sierras, back the way they had come. And, to certain experts, it made perfect sense. That stretch of country, they said, was obviously an extension of the great, endless Comstock Lode. After all, it was just sixty miles away; and so it was off and away once more—a hard walk to Mormon Station, then a dollar stage ride to Markleeville, the jumping-off place for El Dorado, Bountiful, and Bonanza and all points west.

"Ere long this place will be a theater for wild California excitement, where fortunes are made and lost in a day." This was Henry Eno, a local booster, talking about what would later be Alpine County.

But if Alpine County was really an extension of the fabulous Comstock, it certainly didn't look it. For one thing, there was water: the limpid East Carson. There also were deep-green forested slopes and, above them, beautiful and majestic peaks. Still, in one way it was the same old Comstock story all over again. If there was gold and silver there, it was buried deep inside the mountains and nothing was visible to the untrained eye. You had to be a geologist or a Mexican (they had received their education the hard way, under the Spanish whip) to be able to look up at those high peaks and see something that no ordinary man could see. Or else be dumb lucky.

There was another problem, and it was common to every gold and silver rush: one rumor, and the country filled up overnight. California losers had poured into the Comstock, and now Comstock losers were pouring into the Carson, by the thousands. There were more than ten thousand of them camped in Scandinavian Canyon alone, and over time this piece of ground would produce exactly three workable and ultimately unprofitable mines. The arithmetic was wrong, as usual; there would never be enough riches to go around.

Alpine County had another source of wealth, though, that was all but inexhaustible. It had trees. It also had a river to transport them, and a ready market: the barren Comstock needed an endless supply of lumber—for houses and hotels and mine timbers, and most of all for the steam-driven machinery, which ate cordwood by the cord. From his days on the farm, Ole knew how to buck and fell. No doubt the employment lines here were just as long as they had been back in Nevada, with another elite corps, French-Canadians, at the head of them, but finally he landed a job. It was winter work—the logs had to be skidded down to the river over frozen snow—and it was cold and hard, and the pay wasn't much more than room and board.

In 1862, Ole found his way to the town of Silver Mountain, and by now he had become what Henry Eno called a "chronic." Eno was a county judge who was in the habit of giving free lectures, more like sermons, actually, on philosophy and morality and the benefits of the ascetic life. (Every morning before dressing he brushed himself for ten minutes with a large horse brush.) One of his lectures started like this:

> "The mines of Alpine County will only give up their riches to those entitled to them, and only as the legitimate reward of labor and toil...not merely spasmodic labor, but labor that is chronic...." And ended like this: "The determined, resolute, nil desperadum never-saydie men remain and work away, night and day, with courage and faith as strong as ever."

He might as well have been talking about Ole. After all, it had taken more than a little courage and faith just to get here, ten thousand miles from home. And from the start, on the long voyage from Norway and through those long winters in the woods, when he should have given up, his vision never faltered: one day he would be a miner and strike it rich. There was just one hitch; half the time he couldn't even find a job. Work in the mines was scarce and irregular—a day here, a week there, if you were lucky. Henry Eno's exhortations aside, mining in Alpine County was not, and never would be, chronic; sporadic was more like it.

It had always been that way. At the height of the "boom" (latter-day historians would always put the word in quotes), there were over 300 mines in the county and all at one time had held limitless promise. You could tell by their names: Good Hope, Mt. Bullion, Exchequer, Morning Star, El Dorado, Bonanza, Eureka, IXL (boosters usually spelled it out, I Excel, in case you didn't get it), and some did fulfill their promise for a tantalizing while. A rich pocket was struck, a celebration was held, extra shifts were installed, and the sound of blasting echoed up and down every canyon. Then the pocket turned out to be just that, a pocket. Almost all the ore in the county was low-grade stuff, and "rebellious," which meant that processing it was difficult and burdensomely expensive. Extracted from the earth, hauled down the mountain by ox wagon, milled and smelted, it more often produced a loss rather than a profit. "It takes a mine to run a mine," the old Mexican saying goes,

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and owners were always desperately in need of fresh capital. But all the big plungers were back on the Comstock. Extension or not, their interest never reached over into poor little Alpine.

Hard-rock mining, taken to its fullest extent, is a very sophisticated business, replete with drifts and lagged drifts, stopes and square-set stopes, cribs, crosscuts, winzes, silicified zones, dips, Blake pumps, Bacon hoisting apparatus, bratticing, air boxes, and stulls—the secret realm of geologists and engineers. In its most rudimentary form, however, hard-rock mining is simplicity itself.

You dig a hole in the side of a hill or mountain.

This procedure requires a driller, a mucker, and a trammer (or, in the case of a very small-scale operation, a combination of all three.) The driller beats a four-pound hammer against the head of a drill at the rate of about fifty times a minute. This is called single-jacking; in double-jacking, one man holds the drill and a second man whacks it. After awhile, several holes have been drilled in the wall of the cave. These are filled with blasting powder, and the powder is detonated. The resulting rubble is the responsibility of the mucker. He cleans it up, first using a wheelbarrow, then after the tunnel has progressed sufficiently, rails are laid and a tram car is used. The trammer pushes the tram car out to daylight and dumps it. And so it goes, on the average of three feet on a good day until, as in the case of the Isabella mine in Scandinavian Canyon (to use a somewhat showy example), you've got a 4,400-foot tunnel going nowhere—or to China.

Ole worked, when he could, as a mucker and trammer. The pay was $4.00 a day, but a man could get by on that. Room and board was only $8.00 a week ($7.00 if you owned your own blankets) and in a place like Silver Mountain, rounded by sober-sided Scandinavians, there were few temptations. Most mining camps had wild reputations. Silver Mountain had a library association, a musical society (typical offerings: "Over the Snow" and "Don't Turn Me from Your Door"), and only a single pool parlor. And when "a Chinese siren appeared in town to exhibit her dusky charms," the outraged citizens promptly demolished her shanty and sent her packing.

What Ole Nelson of Bullken thought of that is not known. But he was a Scandinavian, after all, and his mind always seemed to be at a higher elevation, up there in the blue, among the roseate outcroppings.

Alpine County was officially established in March 1864 and got its name from its supposed likeness to the Alps. And even today, denuded of most of its timber, it's still quite lovely: majestic mountains, babbling brooks, tranquil lakes, an occasional green meadow.

But it's hardly a fit place to live—and few people do. The largest town (out of four) is Markleeville, the county seat: population, 163.

The reason for this is winter. It arrives early and cold, and seems to stay around forever. Freezes often occur in October. The average winter temperature is 23 degrees. The lowest recorded temperature is minus 30. Snow drifts higher than houses—in the high country it averages 450 inches—and almost all the roads, except for the single interstate highway, are impassable until spring, sometimes until July. It has been known to hail in August.

The winter of 1864 came even earlier than usual, and it came hard. Branches snapped, squirrels disappeared, the mines closed down tight, and Ole must have begun to wonder how he was going to make it through to another spring.

He hadn't put on any fat; work was still hard to come by. Silver Mountain, on the other hand, had flourished. It had been declared the county seat. A road had been cut through to Markleeville. There were now over 250 houses in town, plus three new hotels and a six-stamp quartz mill.

All that prosperity was rounded on nothing but slim and future prospects; nonetheless, it brought in a whole new wave of miners (among them, for the first time, some head-of-the-line Welshmen) and the competition for jobs was fiercer than ever.

And so one day that fall, when an army recruiting sergeant appeared in town, his timing probably wasn't accidental. He was driving a wagon, and there was still a little room left in it, though it was filling up fast, as he pointed out, and the deal, as he explained it while snow settled on his hat, must have sounded pretty good. Sign here, right now, before drifts close the pass, and the army will give you a $160 bonus. It will also feed and clothe and house you, and it will do all that in a place with a much more amiable climate.

Ole signed. On November 24, 1864, at a foothill town called Mokelumne Hill, he was mustered into Company E, Seventh Regiment of Infantry. From there he was sent to the San Francisco Presidio, put on a steamer for Los Angeles and, after a long march cross-country, found himself at Camp Tubac, just a few miles north of the Mexican border. The temperature in that part of Arizona, at that time of year, was about seventy degrees.

The following spring, while Private Nelson slogged through the dust of the Mexican border, an event took place in the room of the board of directors of the Pennsylvania Gold and Silver Mining Company in San Francisco, California, that would forever change his life. Up until now, the company had existed only on paper. Now, on May 4, 1865, the directors decided to:

> ...change the office and principal place of business, from the City and County of San Francisco to the town of Silver Mountain, in the County of Alpine, and State of California....

And get down to work.

The first thing they did when they got to Silver Mountain was to rent a headquarters building for about $20. Next they elected a new board of directors, then wrote bylaws and articles. The mine itself was

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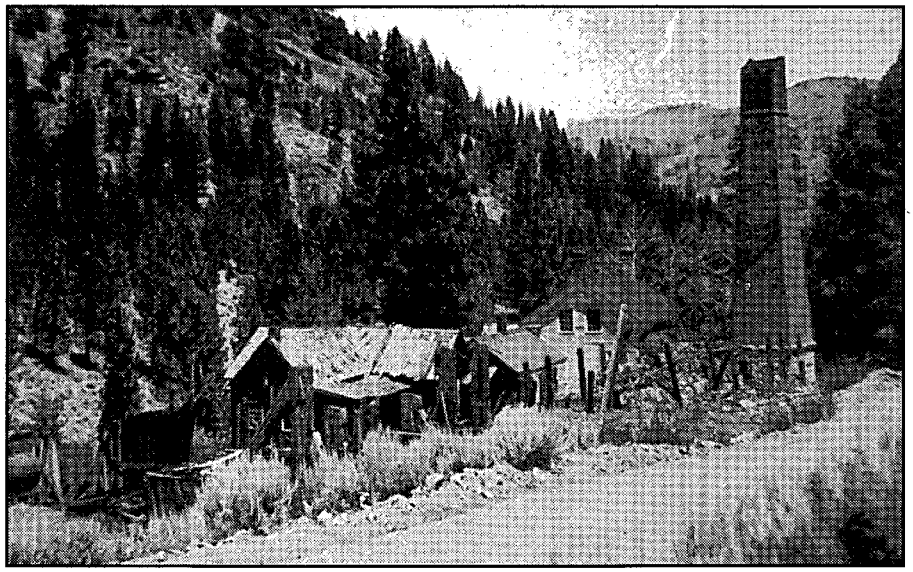
located on a fifteen-acre claim on the side of a nearby mountain, and they put up a $63 cabin on the site. They paid $595.86 for general labor. They bought picks, shovels, hammers, drills, a tram, bellows, blasting powder, an anvil, timbers, and nails, and hired four miners. Then, as was the custom of the county, they went broke.

For the Pennsylvania, this would be an ongoing problem with an ongoing solution, called an assessment. The process works like this: each share of stock is assessed its face value, two dollars. If the shareholder fails to come up with the money within a specified number of days, usually thirty, his shares are put up for sale to the highest bidder, and the company can start up again with fresh capital. Many of the Pennsylvania shareholders were back in San Francisco, and the distance must have dampened their enthusiasm. At any rate, Assessment Number One produced 643 delinquent shares out of a possible 2,000 and thus, at 2:00 PM, October 2, 1865, an auction was held at the front door of the company office. The auction was conducted by the county under-sheriff, and he was to prove to be a very busy man indeed.

It took Ole Nelson almost three years to catch up with his destiny. The Pennsylvania Mine lies at the head of a canyon, at an altitude of about 9,000 feet, and he didn't find his way up there until March 1868. His time away from the Sierras had been uneventful. For awhile, the Seventh had done guard duty for gold trains coming out of the Tubac mines, then moved across to the Huachuca Mountains to keep an eye on Chiricahua Apaches. The Chiricahuas, for a change, were relatively peaceful. The outfit lost only two men. On June 28, 1866, the company was mustered out at San Francisco Presidio, and by the fall of that year Ole had made his way back to Silver Mountain. He was in far better shape than when he left. He had saved most of his pay and all of his bounty; finally, he had a grubstake.

Silver Mountain, on the other hand, was now down on its luck. Just a few months earlier Henry Eno had once again seen a bright future for Alpine's silver mines. "...[D]ay is beginning to break and dark clouds that have hung over our snow clad hills are being dispelled," he said.



Alpine County Museum: Clark Collection

Chalmers Mansion and mill, 1920.

And to be sure, the town had another new hotel, the Fisk (a bad idea; it would soon be packed up and hauled piece by piece to Markleeville). But the population, once an estimated 2,500, had declined to less than 300. The hills all around were quiet. Of the ninety-five or so claims in the district, only a handful were being worked. One of them, however, was the lowly Pennsylvania.

Having gone through ten assessments and drilled and mucked and trammed an unproductive 718 feet, the Pennsylvania had suddenly hit a pocket of encouraging ore and was enjoying a manic phase. That was good for Ole. The meeting of the board of trustees for the month of March 1869, shows, among other items, the following expenses: "Coal, $180.75; Office Supplies, $6.50; Lumber, $29.80; Publishing (Notice of Auction), $12.00; Legal Advice, $10.00; Ole Nelson (Labor), $54.00."

That was about fourteen days' work, and it wasn't much. But it would be enough, as it turned out, to build his dream on.

In 1873 the United States demonetized silver, and by all logic that should have put an end, stamped paid, to any ideas of an Alpine Silver boom. It very nearly did. The closing of the "great" Tarshish Mine in Monitor Canyon had already, as one newspaper noted, "put a damper on the whole community such as never before been experienced in Alpine, where wet blankets have been common." And that was just a foreshadow. Now whole towns were being abandoned. The Post Offices at Silver King and Mt. Bullion were closed. At Silver Mountain the population dwindled further, to less than 200, and it would soon lose its status as a county seat, along with the iron doors of its jailhouse, which were hauled off to the ever-welcoming arms of Markleeville. Even Lewis "Lord" Chalmers, who as a representative of the Imperial Silver Quarries, Ltd., had come into the country with perhaps as much as $500,000 in British capital, would soon be complaining that "there are cormorants watching" (by which he meant creditors) and in the end would lose his servant and then his watch.

It was enough to discourage anybody, except a chronic like Ole. By now the old scratch-it-out days must have been a dim memory. He had worked his way up the corporate ladder, from mucker to trammer to driller, and finally to superinten-

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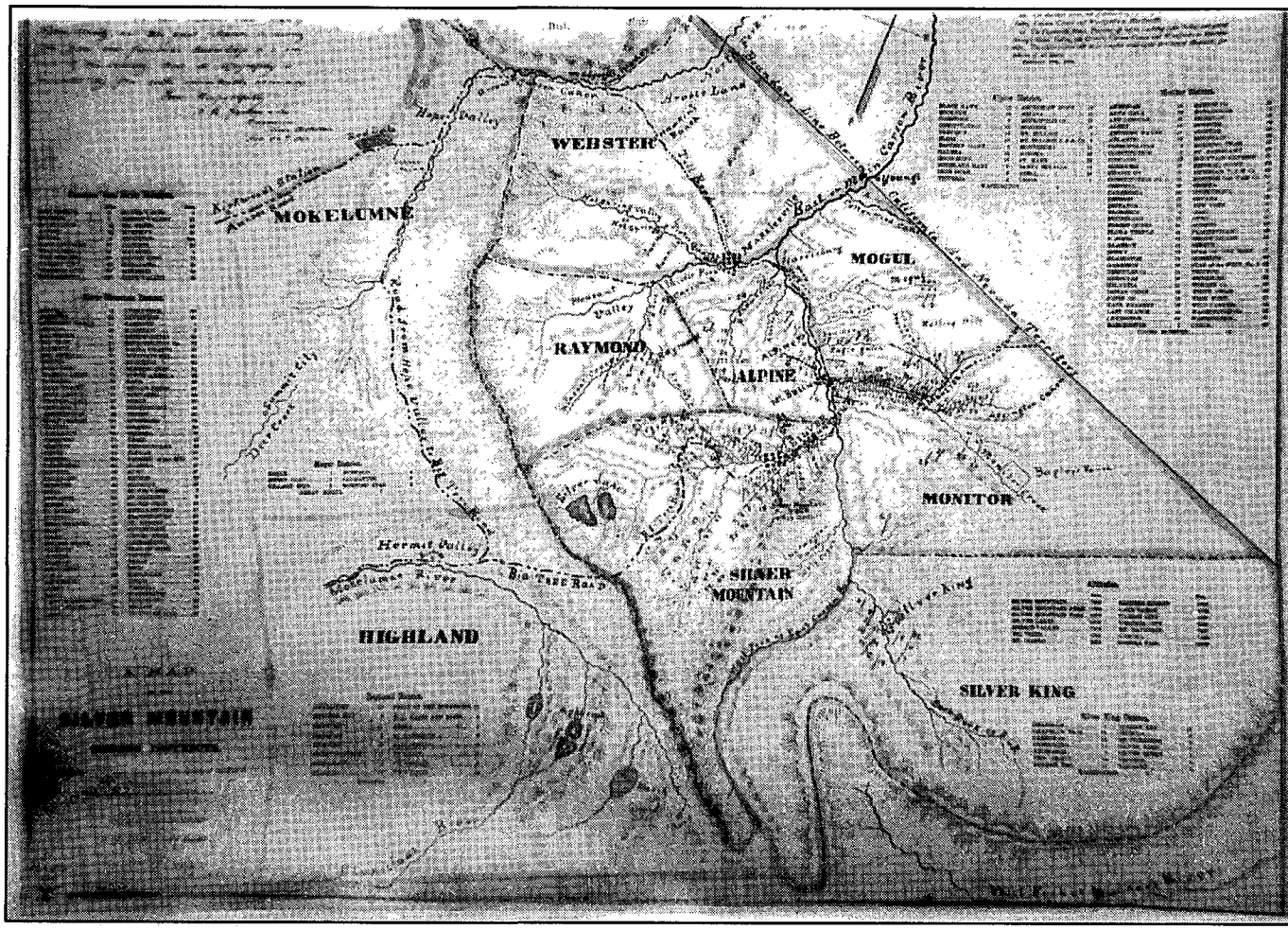

Alpine County Museum

Map of Silver Mountain, California.

dent and member of the board. He had even begun to dip into the market now and then, buying up delinquent Pennsylvania stock with the savings from his army service. In October of that year he owned 76.5 shares.

But shares of what, exactly? Now and again a rich assay had shown up, just often enough to egg the Pennsylvanians on—and to throw more good money after bad. They went broke, and then went broke again. Eventually they were forced to give up their office and take up business in the corner of a shareholder's store.

It must have been a comedown for everyone, and especially Ole, after his long climb to the top, to have to call the meeting of the board of directors to order next to a pickle barrel. If so, it was never recorded in the minutes. Business went on as usual. The prize was always just ahead—a few more feet, a few more days, a week, a month. By August 1878, they had a tunnel over a thousand feet into the mountain and a treasurer's report that showed a balance of $117.17, less $61.00 in outstanding debts.

Treasurer's report aside, it would be for Ole a memorable year. There were still milkmaids in those days, and he found one working at a restaurant down the road a ways, in Monitor. She was a fellow Norwegian, and her name was Ellen Edmonds. They were married in Markleeville, which by now not only possessed Silver Mountain's hotel and jailhouse doors, but also its county government, on December 31, 1878. She was twenty-six years old and he was forty-four. He loved her, of course; still, did he have a premonition that he would someday need her skills with a cow? Across the canyon from the Pennsylvania adit was a rocky promontory, and for a long time he had been wondering about it. He thought it might be an outcropping. It wasn't very far away. Could it be possible that the Pennsylvania vein they had been pursuing all these years took an unsuspected jog to the south? Could the long-sought riches be over there?

Ole staked a claim, named it with perfect logic the South Extension, and went up to it in the fall of 1879. He took along his wife, and he led a milk cow; Ellen would produce a son right on schedule, on November 11. He also took along enough food to last the winter, as well as a supply of hay, a stove, snowshoes, a pick and shovel, a wheelbarrow, an ax and saw, pots and pans, drills and hammers and blasting powder, nails and miscellaneous. Right next to the outcropping he built a cabin with attached cowshed, on a little piece of ground just level enough to keep the whole thing from sliding off into the canyon.

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Then it was time for the great task. It was a daunting one: to dig a hole into the side of a mountain that was almost solid rock. But Ole was full of hope. He was at the roseate heights at last. And in that high, heady air, it never seemed to occur to him that the extension of nothing was nothing.

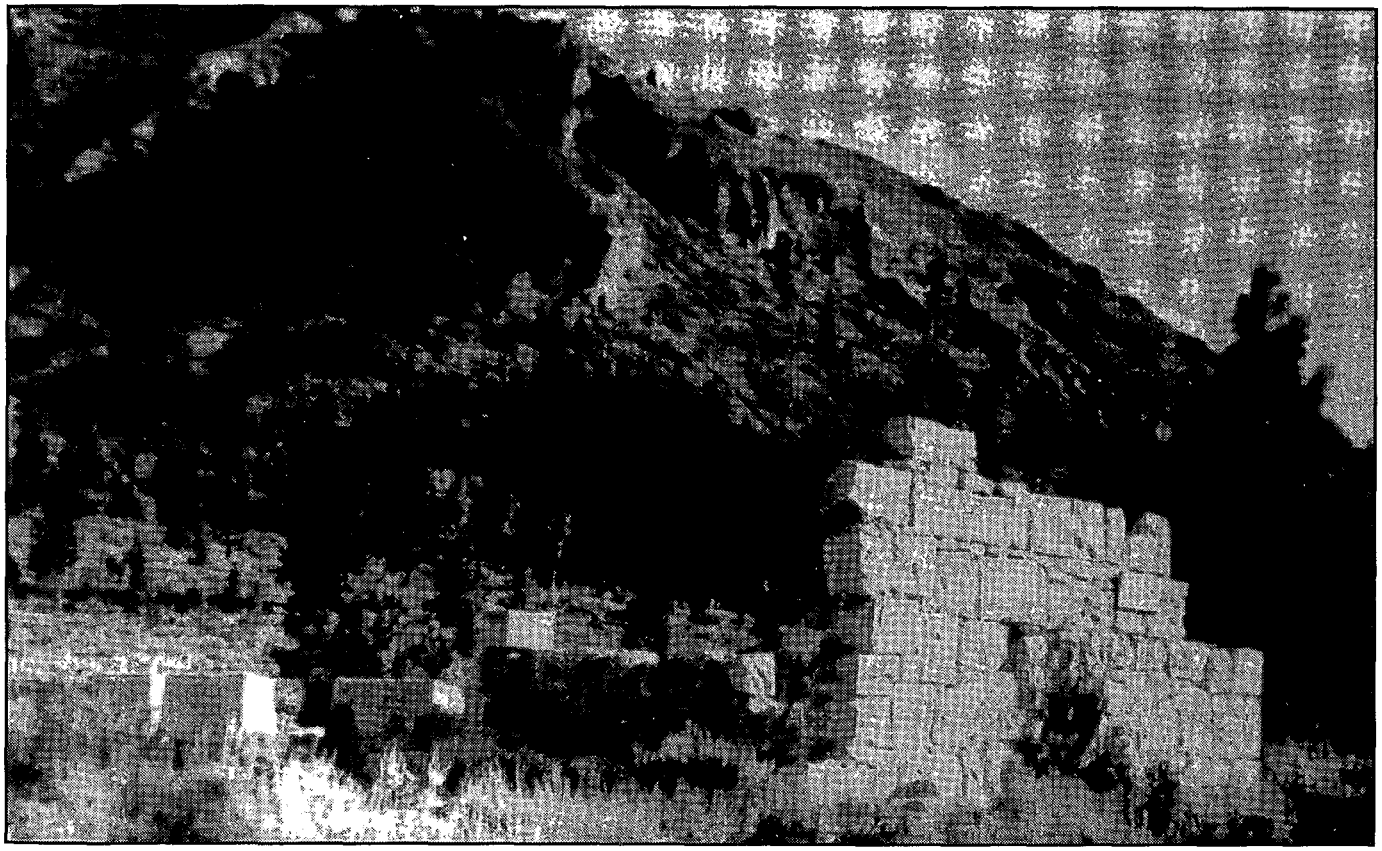
Mining can drive men crazy. Old desert prospectors end up talking gibberish to their donkeys. Peter O'Riley, one of the discoverers of the Comstock Lode, spent his last days digging a tunnel in the Sierras much like Ole's. Voices kept calling to him from the rock just ahead, always just ahead, until his mind went altogether and he was carried away. Probably because of the presence of his wife and infant son, Ole emerged from his tunnel completely sane.

Yet he was still in the grip of the old enchantress. Her voice still beckoned, and promptly that spring he went back to the Pennsylvania and took up where he had left off, determinedly drilling and blasting away—and just as determinedly gathering up more shares of stock. There were plenty available. Auctions had become habitual—there would be a total of twenty-three in all—as more and more shareholders got discouraged, gave up their hopes and shares, and drifted away.

Finally, somewhere around 1895, Ole seemed to get discouraged, too. He moved across the Sierras and took up farming on a 160-acre homestead near San Andreas. He had seven children (a daughter had died in the mountains, probably of scarlet fever; Ellen had searched the woods for a curative herb native to Norway but, alas, not to Alpine County), and it was time to settle down with his memories and his stock certificates; by now he owned them all.

In the summer of 1994, I went up to the South Extension with Walter Nelson, one of Ole's grandsons. In order to maintain ownership of the old claim, the law requires that certain regular "assessment" work be done. This consists mostly of keeping the mine drained and free of rubble—the old mucker's job. Walter does this every three years, trudging up the steep path and toiling in the thin air. The rest of the time the place is left alone—to the occasional hawk and high-country finch. There are no longer any traces of the cabin and cowshed that Ole built. The tunnel that he dug is sixty feet long and, because of the altitude and extreme winter cold, is entirely uninhabited; no bats, rats, snakes, or insects, with the possible exception of the *lepisma saccarina.* No gold or silver, either.

It must have been heart-breaking; a killer of dreams. Yet even in his later years something still pulled at Ole and every fall, when the crops were in, he would pack up his family and cross the mountains once more to spend the winter with the faithless Pennsylvania. He was a chronic, all right, a nil desperadum never-say-die man, and he must have gone on dreaming in the mountains until the day he did die, in 1913.



Alpine County Museum: Fernandes Collection

Silver Mountain jail.

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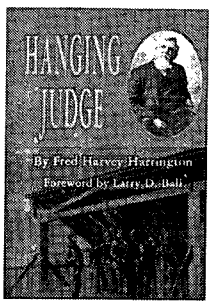

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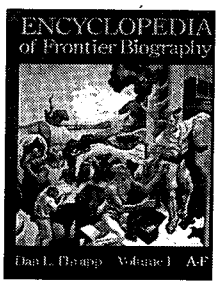

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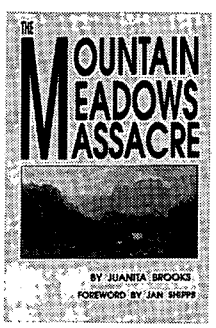

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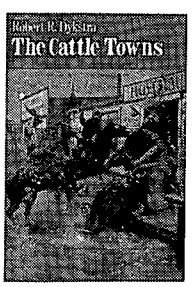

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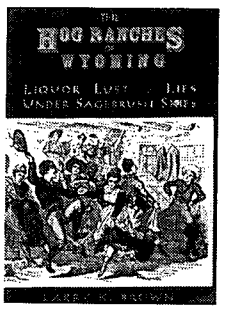

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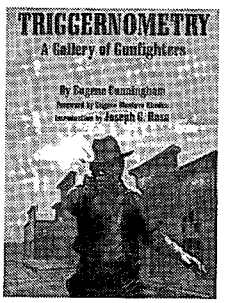

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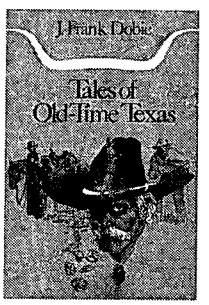

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COWBOYS, INDIANS, WOMEN, AND EXPLORERS IN THE WEST

First-hand History

Life in the Saddle, by Frank Collinson. (University of Oklahoma Press, 1005 Asp Ave., Norman, Oklahoma 73019-0445. 241 pages. Sketches. $14.95 paper.)

Englishman Frank Collinson arrived in Texas in 1872, a seventeen-year-old youngster working on a ranch. From there, he must have drifted all over the West, a man who just happened to be at various exciting places at the right time, a man who lived to write it all down. Judging by his stories, he had an eye-witness account of more history than God himself. Yet, it rings with credibility. Collinson not only talks about the events he observed and the people he knew, he sometimes will ramble on about lineage just as if he had jotted down a whole life history and carried the notes around forever in his saddlebags.

At the age of seventy-nine, he started writing Wild West articles for *Ranch Romances.* So great was his gift for writing, observation, and memory, that Editor Mary Whatley Clarke arranged his yarns into a rough chronological order. Garry Nall wrote a foreword, and Harold D. Bugbee handled the illustrations. There are a few scattered footnotes, none of them particularly clarifying, but no bibliography or index. What you see, is what you get.

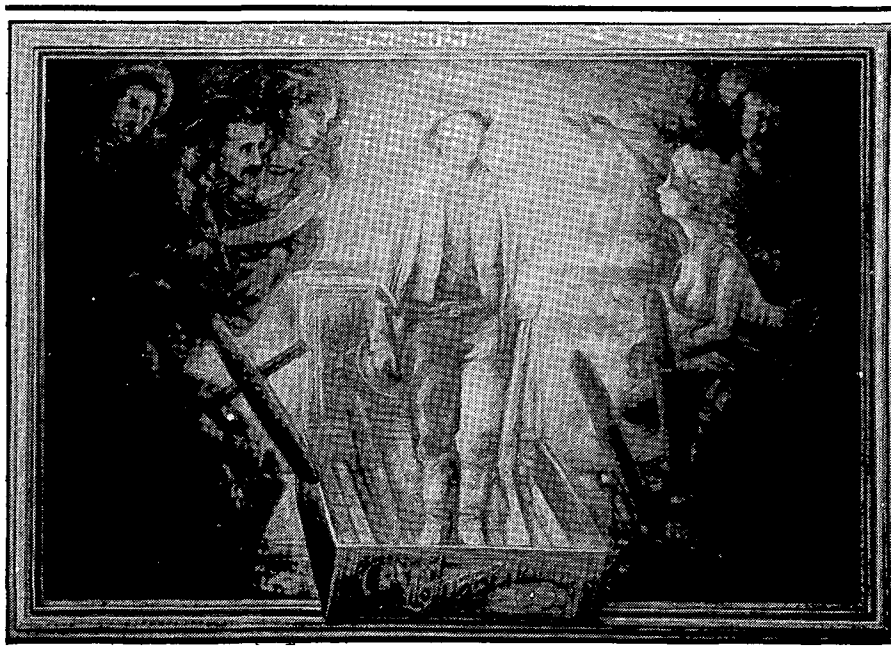
Collinson writes about prairie fires, Indian battles, floods, gunfights, cattle raids, trail drives, buffalo hunts, wide-open towns, all in amazing detail considering that he must have been constantly on the move.

And the man has a certain flair for words, a storyteller's natural gift and ability to keep a reader not only interested, but believing. While Collinson does misspell a few names, a wonder is that so many are spelled correctly.

Collinson's weakness is that when one catches him in a serious error, a natural tendency is to get suspicious regarding the reliability of other "facts." For instance, he discusses the slaying in El Paso of Bas Outlaw by Constable John Selman.

According to eyewitness Collinson, who says he stood at the head of the stairs while it all happened, the killing of Outlaw and a Texas Ranger took place in the basement of the El Paso madam Tillie Howard's brothel. The problem here is that the deaths occurred in the back-yard, not in the basement. Therefore, it is difficult to understand how an "observer" would later confuse a location by such a wide margin regarding one of the West's most dramatic shootouts.

So the advice from here is, "Read and enjoy *Life in the Saddle.* It is time well spent." But if you are really interested in what happened during these events, consult other sources too. —*Leon C. Metz, El Paso, Texas.*



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Indian Essays

Plains Indian History and Culture: Essays on Continuity and Change, by John C. Ewers. (University of Oklahoma Press, 1005 Asp Ave., Norman, OK 73019-0445. 304 pages, 40 illustrations. $29.95 binding.)

Ewers has long been the acknowledged dean and intellectual godfather of Plains Indian studies in the twentieth century. More than six decades ago, the Bureau of Indian Affairs assigned Ewers to organize a craft center and museum of the Plains Indians among the Blackfeet at Browning, Montana. In Montana, Ewers' personal openness and tact earned him the trust of elderly Blackfeet warriors who had lived during the buffalo and warrior days before the reservation period. Thus began a significant collaboration between Ewers and these elderly Blackfeet that makes Ewers a bridge between the Plains Indian wold of the nineteenth century and Plains Indian studies of the twentieth century.

Ewers' research, writing, and personal example has shaped subsequent generations of historians and ethnohistorians of native North American. While a rigorous teacher and mentor, Ewers has always been remarkably open to aspiring scholars of Native American studies. Either through the thoughtful and strict example of his scholarship or through direct personal contact, he has been the intellectual mentor to an entire generation of scholars.

Throughout his career Ewers has been an active speaker in symposiums and scholarly meetings and prolific essayist, and his lectures and essays have been published in a wide variety of symposia proceedings and academic periodicals. *Plains Indian History and Culture* includes twelve of Ewers' selected essays within the covers of one convenient volume. They range from "When Red and White Men Met" to "The Influence of the Fur Trade upon the Indians of the Northern Plains" to "Intertribal Warfare as the Precursor of Indian-White Warfare on the Northern Great Plains" to "Women's Roles in Plains Indian Warfare," to note just four of the twelve essays.

The diversity of topics within the twelve essays reflects Ewers' interdisciplinary approach to Native American studies. Trained as an anthropologist, Ewers devoted a quarter of a century doing fieldwork among Indian people. He is a superb historian who spent many years in the museum profession. He has deep knowledge of Plains Indian material culture and the role that objects had in the Indian world. Because of his museum background, Ewers has worked at making the erudition of specialized scholarship accessible through exhibitions to the world beyond academic scholars. Ewers always writes for all readers, not just specialists in anthropology or history. While Ewers grounds all of his books and essays in erudite research and scholarship, his clear readable prose portrays the histories and cultures of the Plains Indians for a wide audience of general readers.

Most readers of *True West* are probably familiar with the scholarly contributions of John C. Ewers, and they will be delighted to have such easy and convenient access to these twelve essays. To readers who have not yet encountered Ewers, *Plains Indian History and Culture* is both an introduction to John C. Ewers and to the field of Plains Indian studies which he has done so much to pioneer.—*Joseph C. Porter, Raleigh, North Carolina.*

Western Women

Dreams of Glory: Women of the Old West, by Larry D. Underwood. (*Dageforde Publishing Inc.,* 941 O Street, Suite 728, Lincoln, Nebraska 68508-3625. 200 pages, 19 pictures. $10.95 paper.)

The numerous books dealing with women in the West have

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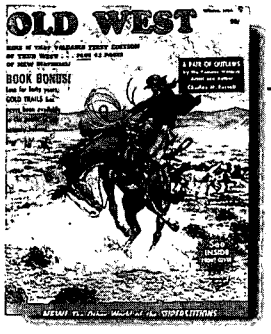

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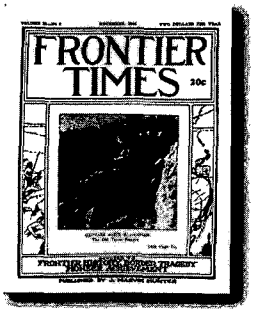

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tended to focus on the "painted ladies" because their occupation frequently placed them in the limelight with other notorious characters such as the Earps, Doc Holliday, and other good and bad men too numerous to mention. The supposed excitement of dealing with gunfighters and gamblers and men of action provided subject material for writers, historians and sociologists. *Dreams of Glory: Women of the Old West* by Larry D. Underwood narrates the lives of women whose greatest efforts were devoted to establishing a home in a new land, to raise a family, and merely be happy.

Of course the best laid plans of men and women often go astray. The lives of Elizabeth Taylor and Ella Watson are superb examples of that maxim and both are presented here. Although their efforts at establishing a home in Nebraska and Wyoming respectively were admirable, their methods were "questioned" and both lost their lives to lynch mobs before a trial could have proved innocence or guilt. Ironically, neither of the two female lynching victims died alone. Watson was strung up with James Averall, her common law husband, and Taylor died at the end of a rope with alongside twin brother, Thomas Jones. In both cases "Justice" was not served but went terribly awry.

Underwood also devotes chapters to women whose lot in life may have been to suffer. For example, Zerelda E. (Cole) Samuel lost her first husband in the California goldfields, lost her second in an equine accident, almost lost her third to a Union Militia during the Civil War, and lost a son and her arm to a Pinkerton bomb. She also suffered long and hard as the mother of Frank and Jesse James. And Jesse's wife, Zerelda Mimms, must have suffered greatly during her life, losing two of her children at birth and living the life of a fugitive's wife until Jesse was murdered in their home. The lives of Jesse James' mother and wife have received little attention by writers, but Underwood corrects that here.

Other chapters include studies of Allie Townsend, whose father and husband both were lawmen, and who became a widow when her husband lost his life in a gunfight—and then saw the murderer go unpunished—and Glendolen Myrtle Kimmell, the schoolteacher who had the misfortune to become infatuated with hired gunman Tom Horn. These lives as well as the lives of other women presented here have received very little attention by historians of the Old West.

Accomplished author Underwood has studied his subjects thoroughly and by meticulous research has discovered more than the simple facts of their lives. He also has discovered the hopes and fears and dreams of his subjects. These women had the same emotions and feelings and dreams of every other woman, but their lives were made fascinating for us by the choices they made. —*Chuck Parsons, Yorktown, Texas.*

Spanish Trail Traders

Explorers, Traders, and Slavers: Forging the Old Spanish Trail, 1678-1850, by Joseph P. Sanchez. (University of Utah Press, 101 University Services Building, Salt Lake City, Utah 84112. $29.95 cloth bound.)

Many histories have paid little attention to trail-blazing in the American West by early Spanish and Mexican frontiersman. With *Explorers, Traders, and Slavers: Forging the Old Spanish Trail, 1867-1850,* Joseph P. Sanchez has corrected this oversight.

As early as 1540, Spanish explorer Coronado and his troops spent a whole winter in a camp near present-day Albuquerque and travelled to Arizona and the Great Plains of Kansas. It would be another 300 years before the United States would "liberate" the vast region as a result of the Mexican-American War.

As a result of the early work of the Hispanic explorers and cartographers, major routes were eventually established from both Mexico City and Missouri which converged in Santa Fe and from there went on to Los Angeles, California. It must be remembered, also, that their successes were, in a large part, dependent on the knowledge they obtained from the Native American tribesmen who had roamed the area for centuries prior to arrival of the Spanish.

For readers who enjoy a little insight into human nature, *Explorers, Traders, and Slavers* contains much that is interesting. Readers learn of illicit trading with the Utes, conflict between the Mormons and the Mexicans, stories of slave trade involving Indian children, and copies of parts of two 1765 diaries that describe several trips in detail.

Fueled from its very first days of preliminary exploration, by men's desire for wealth, the trail grew from a tenuous thread through the wilderness of the West to eventually become a busy commercial thoroughfare.

Explorers, Traders, and Slavers is a dense book, deeply researched, with over 300 footnotes. Archival materials from Spain, Mexico City, and various New Mexico sources were utilized, as well as many printed sources. The book also contains two appendices and eleven old maps, some from as early as 1500. The maps are fascinating examples of how the early explorers and cartographers recorded the world they found.

Explorers, Traders, and Slavers is undoubtedly one of the best sources available for the researcher seeking information about the specific subject of the Old Spanish Trail from 1678 to 1850.—*Jacqueline Meketa, Placitas, New Mexico*

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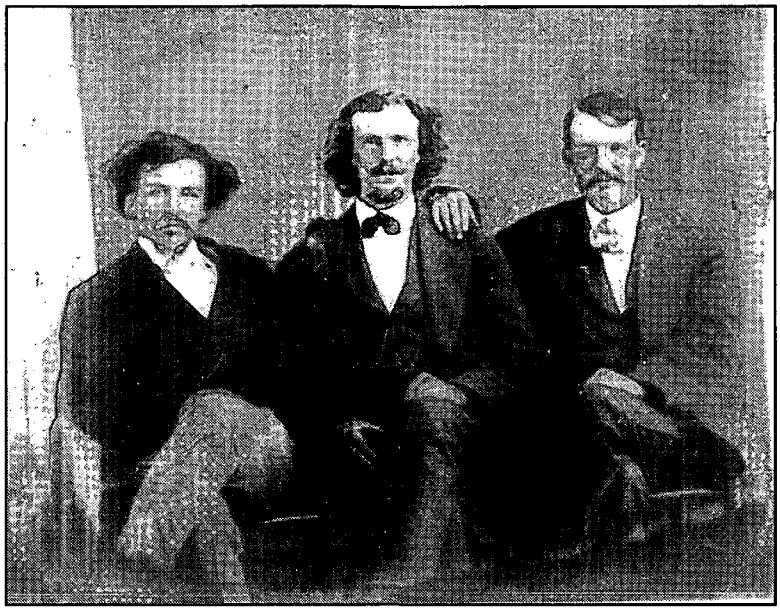
A PICTURE IS WORTH A THOUSAND GUESSES

Identifying subjects of old photographs is a fascinating but extremely difficult task. Frequently, photographs "appear" and the owner claims it shows a famous historical person. Sometimes it does, but more often, only the owner of the photo "sees" the famous person in the image.

An exception is a photograph owned by James K. Purcell which shows three men and which was perhaps made in the late 1870s. Mr. Pur-cell identifies the center man as his ancestor, Herman Elias Cone. But who are the other two?



Courtesy of James K. Purcell

Herman Elias Cone, center, and two unidentified friends.

I can only guess at the identity of the men seated on either side of H.E. Cone. The figure at the left does bear a resemblance to the scout and western showman J.B. "Texas Jack" Omohundro. The figure seated on the right I feel is another scout, Frank North, commander of the famous Pawnee Scouts.

Herman Elias Cone was born in New York state about 1850, the son of Bud and Marinda (Morgan) Cone. The family moved to Kansas in the 1870s and settled in Axtell. Herman married Mary Emma Myers in March 1878. After 1885 the Cones left Kansas and relocated in Washington. Mr. Cone died there in 1930, his widow surviving until 1944.

Family tradition indicates that Herman was six feet six inches tall, and this photo clearly shows him to be quite a bit taller than the others. He was a scout and hunter and provided meat for the military during several campaigns.

Perhaps with the help of our readers the identity of the other two can be determined. My guess, and it is only a guess, is that Omohundro is on the left of Cone and Frank North is on the right.

Jinglebob John

From long time *True West* reader Tim Dye of Stafford, Kansas, comes a question inquiring about cattleman John S. Chisum. Chisum, not a relative of Jesse Chisholm who founded the famous cattle trail, was born in Tennessee on August 15, 1824. The Chisum family became Texans in 1837, and John worked as a contractor, building the courthouse at Paris, Texas. He was county clerk of Lamar County for eight years.

By 1854 he had entered the cattle business and eight years later moved herds to New Mexico Territory. His decision to become a cattleman was significant because he not only became one of the wealthiest businessmen in the Southwest but his name is forever linked to the Lincoln County War; thus his "fame" is assured.

Chisum's holdings covered vast lands, as his cattle roamed not only in New Mexico but in Texas as well. Even though his herds were continually raided by Indians as well as white desperadoes, he continued to increase his herds until it was estimated he owned upwards of 100,000 head.

Billy the Kid may have worked for Chisum at times, but the story that he was not paid—and then killed Chisum cowboys in retaliation at $5.00 each to settle the debt—is only a story, and not a good one. Chisum's role in the Lincoln County War is not as clear as historians would like. He sympathized with John Tunstall and Alexander McSween, both victims of the Murphy-Dolan combine. Chisum backed Pat Garrett in his race for sheriff in 1880, probably because he believed Garrett could stop the

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rustling of his herds.

Chisum never married, and when he died on December 20, 1884, he left an estate of $500,000 to his brothers and sisters. Although he died at Eureka Springs, Arkansas, of a tumor, he is buried in Paris, Texas.

Harwood P. Hinton, Jr.'s research on Chisum has been published in the *New Mexico Historical Review*, but nearly every book dealing with the Kid or the Lincoln County War will have some information on Chisum.

Garrett vs. The Kid

Interest in the Kid is not decreasing! William O. Poyner of Trumann, Arkansas, asks if Billy the Kid was a much better shot than Pat Garrett, the man who killed him. This is difficult to answer as the two did not engage in shooting contests, so far as known. The fact that Garrett killed the Kid does not help as the Kid was unaware of Garrett's presence when he entered the dark room of Pete Maxwell; he thus had no chance to defend himself.

Pat Garrett was likely the better shot with a rifle because he had made his living on the buffalo range in the 1870s. It was important to make every shot count because the cost of ammunition was just one factor in a hunter making or losing money in his profession. The axiom of the hunter was "Killing more buffalo than one could use wasted buffalo, which was not important; wasting ammunition was." Until the United States army provided ammunition, the hunters had to provide their own. A rifle shell could cost twenty-five cents each; thus a hunter wanted to make every shot count.

The Kid probably had no reason to develop skills with a long gun, as he was more concerned with survival in a business which dealt in other men's cattle or horses, or gambling. Thus, my money would go with Pat Garrett if it were possible to make a wager on the two. But, on the other hand, Garrett shot the Kid with his first shot and then missed with the second. If he had

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missed with the first shot would he have had the chance for a second? Perhaps not. Maybe I should bet on the Kid!

The Bloody Benders

Bill Ward, a reader from Kailua, Oahu, Hawaii, remembers hearing, "as a kid, and later reading somewhere about a family who ran a stage station...near Parsons, Kansas. The main room was divided by a canvas hung from the ceiling. The husband and wife would feed and tend to the stage coach traffic. However, lone travelers were often left alone with an attractive daughter who would maneuver the wayfarer against the canvas partition. Father, on the other side of the canvas, would slug the guest with a sledge hammer. Robbery and clandestine burial followed." Mr. Ward wishes to know more about this facet of history, if it is true, and who were they?

The family were the Benders, father John, his wife, son John, and daughter Kate. What they did guaranteed them to become infamous as the "murderous Bender family." Where they came from is unknown as they suddenly appeared in the spring of 1871 on the main road crossing Labette County, twelve miles from the little community of Thayer and five miles from Cherryvale. The cabin they erected was a hundred yards from the heavily traveled road, and it became a stop for travelers. A sign above the door promised "Groceries" as a means to attract the traveler.

Travelers did stop and some spent the night, and some were killed and hastily buried. The motive was always robbery.

Although no definitive work has been done on the Benders, Edith Connelley Ross provided an excellent account which appeared in the *Kansas State Historical Society Journal* during the 1920s. According to Ross it was Kate's beauty which attracted men, and through her charms men were fooled into a sense of security allowing the father and son to set them up for death. The means was, as Mr. Ward remembers, getting the guest to sit with his back to the curtain and at the opportune moment the father or son would pound him in the head. His throat was then cut.

In order to attract people to them, Kate advertised her ability by posting notices in the area. She billed herself as "Prof. Miss Kate Bender" and promised to "heal all sorts of Diseases; can cure Blindness, Fits, Deafness and all such diseases, also Deaf and Dumbness." She could do all these things in her residence. The notice was dated June 18, 1872.

No one knows how many men lost their lives to the Benders, but eight bodies were found in their yard or garden. The Benders disappeared as suddenly as they had appeared, and it was because one of their victims was a prominent doctor, William H. York. When no word was heard from him, his brother, a former member of the Kansas legislature, resolved to find him or else learn what had happened. All the

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clues and information he could gather led to his brother going to the Bender cabin, but not leaving. York then gathered some men and confronted the Benders. Kate was able to convince the posse that Dr. York had been there, but had left. She promised that with her abilities as a spiritualist medium she could locate the missing man. But not then, as the presence of the posse "interfered." She asked York to return the next morning, alone.

The Benders were not seen as a group after that. The Bender cabin was abandoned that night and the family of four murderers fled, going to Thayer where tickets were purchased. The agent recalled later selling tickets to a party of four whose language he recalled was German.

What happened to the Benders is unknown. A posse gathered again and went to the Bender cabin where it and the surrounding grounds were searched. In all a total of eight bodies were found, including that of Dr. York. One was of a little girl whose father was also among the victims. All but two of the victims were identified. Possibly there were other victims whose remains were never discovered.

What happened to the Benders? No one can say for sure. Stories abound that York and his posse caught up with them and murdered them. Some stories say they were hanged, others that they were shot, and some that their bodies were burned. A plausible account indicates Dr. York's brother resolved to avenge his brother's murder, and with others, killed the Benders and buried their bodies in some remote spot. They then placed rewards for the arrest of the Benders, but only to throw suspicion off because they knew no one would ever collect the rewards.

If you have a question, send it to Chuck Parsons, Western Publications, P.O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076. Please keep questions brief. Sign your full name and address, including zip code. Names will be published if question is used. Space limitations may not permit us to use all questions. Due to the volume of mail, we cannot forward correspondence to people whose questions appear in "Answer Man."

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SKATES 'N SNAGS

BY PAULA GUHIN

Toward the end of the nineteenth century, many traveling horse traders practiced their craft with manipulation and deceit.

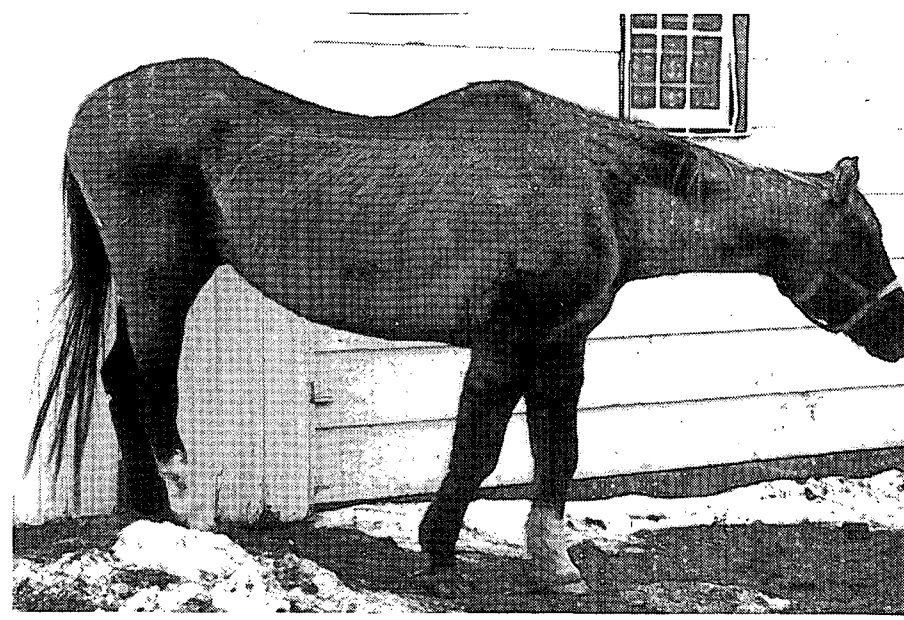
To the farmers and cowboys who were proud of their horseflesh, itinerant horse dealers provided opportunity for sport and for good horse-talk. A fascinating, colorful language was created, the language of horselore.

One descriptive term from that language was "bull windy." Comparing the choking spells of a wheezy horse to the snorting sound of a bull, horsemen thus labeled a noisy breather.

Skates and snags, gummers and pelters were all quaint words for bone-thin, broken-down old horses. An "old skin" or a "bone-bag" was also a decrepit, skinny nag. A "gummer" was a horse so old that its teeth had worn down to the gums.

On the other hand, a good "molder" was a horse with good grinder teeth, so he could "mold" his feed well.

A horse who sucked wind, who



Courtesy Paula Guhin

A typical "bone bag" that was rescued and given a good home.

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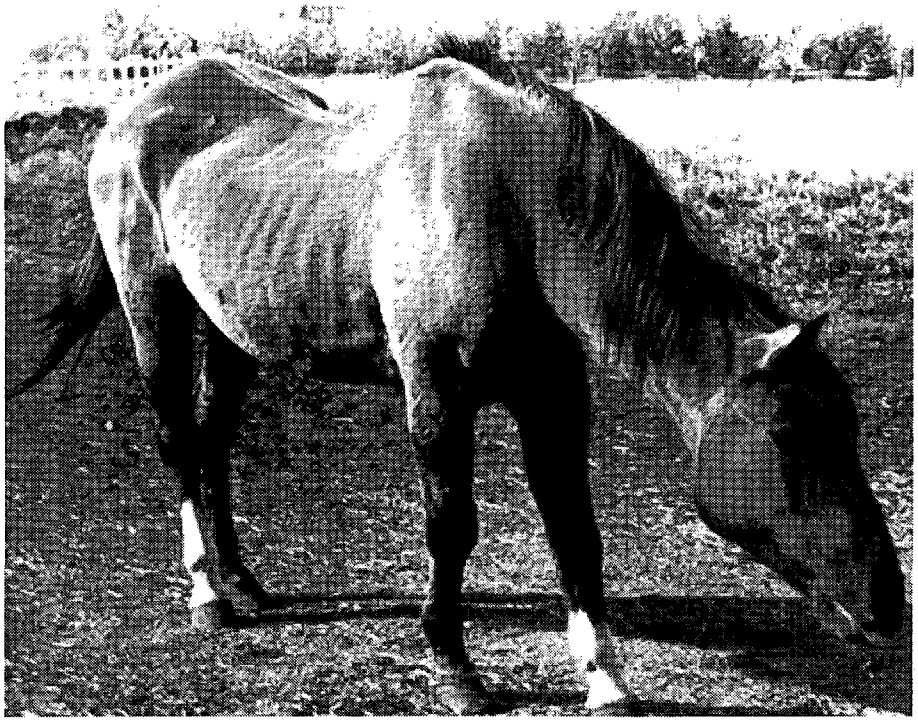

clamped his teeth on a section of wooden fence or stall, was called a "stump-sucker."

Horse swappers often used techniques that were deliberately deceptive and misleading. They dealt mostly in animals with physical ailments, personality problems, or both. Unscrupulous traders concealed such defects and misrepresented their "wares" in countless ways.

One form of trickery was named after an Anglican bishop who filed down horse's teeth to make them appear younger. "Bishoping" was adopted by crooked horsetraders as well.

Skates and snags, gummers and pelters were all quaint words for bone-thin, broken-down old horses.

Another piece of skulduggery utilized arsenic to make a horse appear perky and well fleshed-out. A "ganted" horse, a half-starved plug, was plumped out when the poison was placed on its tongue. Purchased from the local druggist, the arsenic made the horse's body bloat and fill out with fluid, so the animal appeared to flesh up.

If a dishonest trader wished to swap or sell a broken-winded horse, he might arrange to do so near a pen full of cattle, or near a loud river. There the sounds would disguise the problem of the noisy breather. Another method of masking the symptoms of heaves was to dope the horse with drugs, such as chloral hydrate or opium!

By placing pebbles in the ears of a balky, lazy horse, a wily swindler could make it frisky, temporarily. The horse would seem spirited as it pranced and tossed its head in an effort to rid itself of the stones.

If, on the other hand, a horse was *too* wild and ornery, it could be calmed and quieted with chloroform-soaked cotton in its nostrils. Also, a high-strung, horse was sometimes made temporarily deaf by stuffing its ears with cotton plugs. The nervous horse then wouldn't be frightened by unexpected noises.

Another horse that was difficult to trade was a "sweenied" one, with a withered, wasted area on its body. Often, the muscles of an overworked harness horse would collapse under the collar. A trickster

In the Fall issue of *Old West*:

Cole Younger: Confederate at Large. *By Marley Brant.* A Missouri farmboy earns his stripes in the bloody battles of the Civil War and prepares for a life behind the gun.

Who Shot Sheriff Royal? Part II. *By James Collett.* More than one person in Fort Stockton, Texas, had a reason for killing the sheriff. But who did it?

The Mormon Trail. *By Candy Moulton.* Brigham Young leads the Latter Day Saints on a search for their Zion out West.

Indian Guns. *By R. Stephen Irwin.* Many types of weapons found their way into Indian hands, each with deadly effect.

The Sins of Soapy Smith. *By Jon Kirchoff.* Jefferson Randolph Smith, better known as Soapy, was a gambler and confidence man whose skills were unmatched by the "crime bosses" of his day.

The Butte County Bank Holdup. *By Donna B. Ernst.* As holdups go, the Butte County robbery was a bust. However, that one moment in history 100 years ago has left a wealth of humor and who-done-it discussion.

Sylvester Mowry: Treason or Treachery? *By Janet Webb Farnsworth.* Handsome and articulate ladies man Sylvester Mowry seemed an unlikely candidate to end up penniless and arrested for treason.

Look for the Fall issue of *Old West* on the newsstand July 15.

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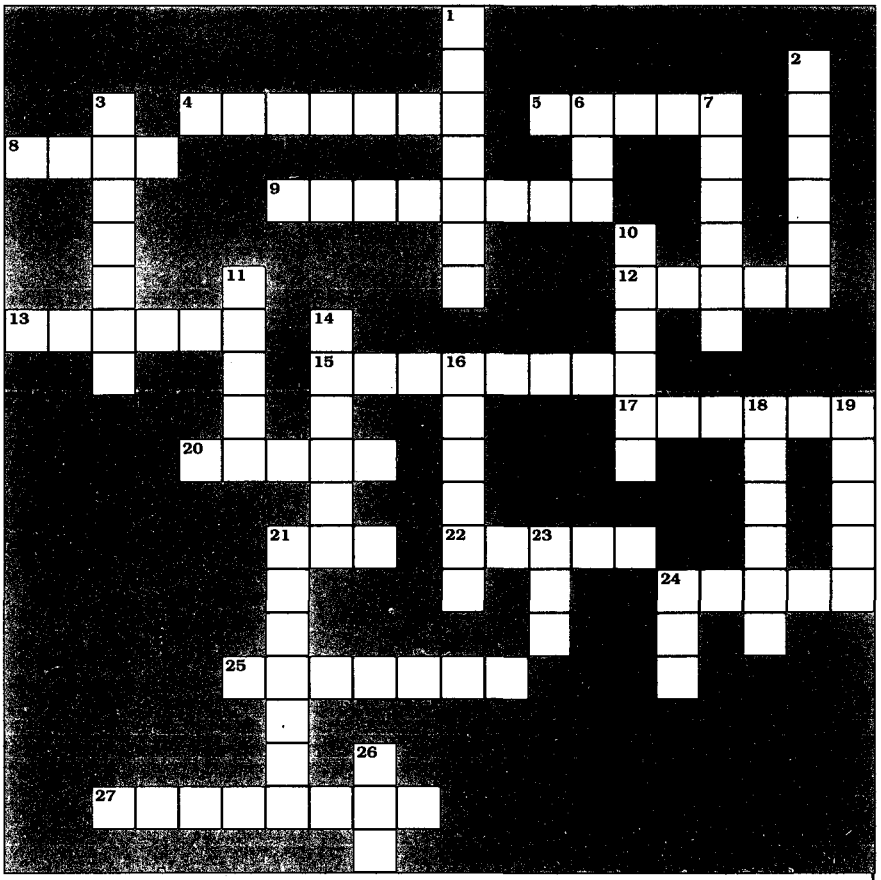
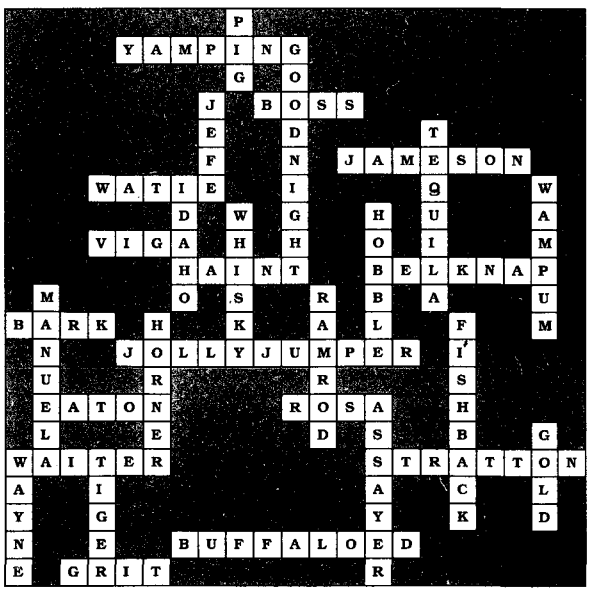


Across

4. Patented barbed wire
5. Kansas Abolitionist
8. A freak saddle
9. Twentieth president
12. A large steer
13. Roadhouse or inn
15. Tippy Canoe
17. Chinook for worthless
20. To bury something
21. Top of a mine shaft
22. Mrs. Place
24. To scare
25. Old Hickory
27. Bob Augustine's jacket

Down

1. Necktie party
2. Train of packmules
3. Mudsucker
6. Trail boss
7. Don't take any wooden ones
10. To turn cattle
11. A hut
14. The woodyard
16. Steers the boat
18. Old Rough and Ready
19. Polecat
21. Author of *Goodbye Billy the Kid*
23. Take it off inside
24. "Drop _____ Colt, mister!"
26. Men's shirt



Solution in next month's True West.

Solution to last month's puzzle.

could puncture the skin in the shrunken area, and blow air under the skin with a quill or tube. This filled out the shrivelled area briefly.

Finally, a "dummy" horse was one with a serious brain affliction. Lore has it that, once stopped, the dummy would not move again, and when going, it wouldn't stop. The brain-damaged creature would even try to walk through solid walls. A dummy wouldn't eat, nor would it stop eating once the owner had somehow persuaded it to start.

A disreputable dealer would unload a dummy on a careless customer by rubbing cocaine in the horse's mouth. The drug, readily available in drugstores then, would make the horse act normally for a time.

Huckster horsetraders left many unhappy patrons behind them. To cheat and defraud was a way of life; duplicity and fakery were customary. One yarn tells of two men who met on the road. One of them bought a long-haired, shaggy nag from the other. As he attempted to slick the horse and clean up the heavy winter coat, the unwary buyer discovered he'd been duped. He'd purchased an ill-tempered, vicious animal. Somehow he managed, between kicks and bites, to spiff up the horse beautifully. Later he met the original scallywag on the road a second time. The man didn't recognize this sleek, shining animal as the mean, rough-looking horse he'd sold, and bought it back again!

Yes, the sly swappers would do anything to outsmart the other fellow. They faked harness marks, they dosed horses with whiskey or turpentine and worse. Many were cruel and uncaring, and interested only in making a profit. But there were others—compassionate, horse-loving individuals—who fought the abuse and wrongdoing. Before the turn of the century, when horse power was still imperative across the land, an appreciation of horseflesh was born that survives today.

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